

the only place I can hold you

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by [snapdragonpop007](#)

Summary

“Hello, Jack.”

These past two years had not been kind to Will Graham-Lecter. The solitary confinement that Chilton had promised would help had only seemed to make the omega worse.

“I was wondering when you were gonna come talk to me.” Will hadn’t looked up from the book in his hands. He was running his fingertips across the pages, and when Jack looked a little closer he could see that it was full of photographs.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Chapter 1

Two years prior

The hustle and bustle of the dinner party down stairs was floating up to the nursery, giving Will a pleasant background noise as he rose Mischa from her slumber.

“Hello, my love.”

She blinked slowly at him, her tiny mouth opening in a wide yawn. She rubbed at her eyes, and Will smiled and pressed a kiss to her forehead as he lifted the baby from her crib.

“Did you sleep well?” Will gently rocked her as he made his way to her changing table.

Mischa babbled out something, reaching out her hand to tangle in Will’s shirt. Will allowed it until he had to set her down, knowing that Hannibal would throw a fit as soon as he saw the wrinkles.

“He can get over it, can’t he?” Will asked, tickling Mischa’s tummy. She squealed and flailed her arms, and Will couldn’t help the smile tugging at his lips. “Let’s get you out of your pj’s, yeah?”

He fought with Mischa to free her from the confines of her onesie, then went about the process of changing the baby’s diaper. Will had been a little surprised at how much he didn’t mind doing it, and after a year of it Will was rather efficient at the job.

“There. Bet that feels better, huh?”

Mischa babbled her nonsense, kicking her legs and smiling up at Will. Will tickled her again, blowing raspberries to her stomach until she was squealing with laughter.

“Parenthood really does suit you, my dear.”

“So you’ve told me.” Will gave Mischa a last kiss before he leaned back, arching his body against Hannibal’s. He lifted a hand, trailing his knuckles along his husband’s jaw and breathing in Hannibal’s scent. He had changed out of his white shirt and black trousers and into a more formal suit, so Will figured most of the cooking was done for the night. “Don’t you have guests to attend to?”

“They’ll be fine for a few moments without me.” Hannibal pressed his lips to Will’s neck, gently biting at the sent mark.

Will shivered. “People are going to start thinking your a bad host.”

“Surely they can forgive me if I leave to check on my daughter and mate.”

Will rolled his eyes. Hannibal was getting protective—of course he was—and he probably didn’t even know why.

“You should tell your Alpha to calm down and go check on his other daughter before she burns the house down.” Will turned around, pressing a kiss to the corner of Hannibal’s lips. “We’ll be down in a few minutes, promise.”

Hannibal hummed, but his hands were still firmly gripping Will’s hips.

“If anyone tries anything you can bring them down to the basement and go to town,” this time Will nuzzled at Hannibal’s cheek, not bothering to stomp down the need to pacify his Alpha. He wasn’t entirely sure he could at this point, and he cursed out his hormones because of it. He had never liked it when he fell into the typical Omega tendencies.

Mischa grunted and flailed her limbs, and Will tore himself away from Hannibal—rather reluctantly—to calm his daughter before she started crying. Hannibal followed the Omega, whispering soft words in French to Mischa as Will scooped her up in his arms. She calmed rather quickly, and she gave a bright smile to Hannibal while clinging to Will’s shirt.

“You really should go check on Clarice. Lord knows what she could be getting into.”

“She was with Abigail when I left.” Hannibal replied, reaching out a hand to trail his finger down Mischa’s cheek. He had hardly seen her at all today—between appointments and setting up for the dinner party—and he had only gotten to spend a few moments with her.

Both Mischa and Hannibal had been a little grumpy about it.

“Do you really think she’s still with Abigail?”

Hannibal paused. He looked up at Will, and Will arched an eyebrow. They stared at each other for a few moments, then Hannibal let out the softest of sighs. He pressed a kiss to Mischa’s cheek before pulling away and walking back towards the door.

“Love you, darlin’” Will called after his husband.

“And I, you, my dear.” Hannibal closed the door softly behind him.

Will listened until he couldn’t hear Hannibal’s footsteps anymore, then he balanced Mischa on his hip and walked over to her wardrobe to snag the dress Hannibal had picked out for her. It was a soft yellow, light and airy for the hot summer.

“I think your Papa will be excited, *ma bichette*.” Will had brought Mischa back to the changing table, and he spoke to her softly as he slipped her into the dress with a practiced ease. She squirmed and whined, but Will knew it was just because she was missing her Papa, and he tried to hurry the process along. “You know, back when we were still in Italy he would always tell me about all the children he wanted to have with me.”

Will snorted at the memory.

They had both been young then, Will a rebellious Omega fresh out of high school with a need to spill blood on his hands, and Hannibal the picture perfect Alpha in his first year of medical school with too much blood on his hands. It had been inevitable that they would come crashing together in the streets of Florence, and after that first night of spilt blood and bruised

skin and declarations written in death, they had lain in bed tangled in sheets with adrenaline and pleasure still coursing through their veins.

Hannibal had traced patterns along Will's naked skin, whispering poetry to him and lamenting on his beauty. Will had been blushing, and he had hid his face in his hands as Hannibal pressed kisses to his abdomen and mumbled promises against his skin.

"Daddy?"

Will blinked, pulling himself out of the memory.

"Clarice," Will reached down to scoop the little girl up. "What are you up to, little lamb?"

"I'm hiding from Papa." She said, wrapping her arms around Will's neck. Clarice was nearly too big for Will to pick up anymore, but that certainly wasn't going to stop the omega.

Will hummed, turning around so he could keep an eye on Mischa as well. She was old enough to sit up on her own, and she was looking at them with wide eyes. "Are you now?"

Clarice nodded. "Yeah, or else I have to talk to all the boring people with Papa."

She truly was her father's daughter.

"How about you stay with me and Mischa for a bit? It'll make talking to everyone a little less boring." Will offered, setting Clarice back on the ground so he could scoop Mischa up.

"Okay." Clarice agreed easily, waving and smiling at Mischa as the baby babbled something to her older sister.

Will smiled at his daughters, balancing Mischa on his hip as they left the nursery so he could hold out a hand to Clarice.

Clarice took it after she closed the door, swinging their hands back and forth as they walked down the hall to the staircase. They hadn't gotten very far down the steps when Clarice looked up at him, her brows furrowed in confusion.

"Daddy, You smell different."

"Do I?" Will couldn't help but huff out a laugh. He knew that he did, and was fondly amused that his seven year old had noticed before his husband.

"Yeah. You smell like you did before Mischa was born." Clarice's eyes widened. "Are you gonna have another baby?"

Will nodded. There was no point in lying to Clarice, and he had been planning on telling her and Abigail later tonight. "You can't tell Papa yet though, okay?"

Clarice's eyes were still wide, then she was grinning and dropping Will's hands to dance around the stair landing in her excitement. She hadn't nearly been this excited when Will was still carrying Mischa, but he wasn't going to question his daughters change of heart.

“Do you know if it’s gonna be a boy or girl yet?” Clarice was practically bouncing up and down. “Do you have a name picked out?”

“No, not yet,” Will switched Mischa to his other side, gently bouncing her as she started to whine softly. “Be careful, little lamb. I don’t want you to fall.”

Clarice stilled for a moment, then bounced back over to Will. “Papa’s gonna be really happy!”

“I certainly hope so.” They paused outside the entrance to the parlor, where most of their guests were gathered.

Will had no doubt Hannibal would be happy. He had been ecstatic when Will had told him about Mischa, and he had been the perfect dotting alpha throughout the entirety of Will’s pregnancy. When she had been born Hannibal had no trouble adopting into a father—which Will hadn’t been surprised about. They already had Abigail and Clarice, and while neither of them had been babies when they had been adopted, both Will and Hannibal had enough parental experience to handle Mischa. Hannibal would have no problem handling another child, and he would welcome it.

He could never seem to shut up about how much he loved seeing Will as a father, at any rate.

“Can I tell Abbie?”

“That’s alright, as long as you only tell your sister.” Will reached down to tuck back a lock of hair that had escaped Clarice’s bow. She endured Will’s fretting for a few more moments before dashing off into the parlor.

Will lost her fairly quickly, but he wasn’t terribly worried. He was certain she would turn up again in a few minutes with Abigail behind her.

“Let’s go find Papa then, yeah?” Will turned all his attention to Mischa. “I’m sure he’s been missing you as much as you’ve been missing him.”

Mischa babbled happily at the mention of Hannibal, and she perked up and peered around at the faces in search of her Papa’s. Will was overcome by how absurdly cute it was, and he pressed a kiss to her cheek before throwing himself into the crowd.

He managed to slide by most people with the excuse of getting Mischa to Hannibal—it was no secret to anyone how much the Alpha adored his children—and Will was about halfway across the room before he ran into Fredrick.

“Ah, Will, there you are.” He was giving a lazy smile that Will was sure he thought was charming, swirling the wine around his glass. “I was wondering when you would make an appearance.”

Will smiled tightly, holding Mischa just a little closer to his chest. “Mischa was a little fussy this evening, so I let her nap for a bit.”

“She’s not ill, is she?” Fredrick moved a little closer to Will.

“No, she’s just been missing her Papa.” Will couldn’t help his smile and the little upturn in his voice as he looked down at Mischa, who was still scanning the crowd. “Speaking of, I do need to find my husband before Mischa throws a fit.”

Will went to doge away, but Fredrick caught up with him.

“I believe he’s in the kitchen.” He put a hand on Will’s shoulder. “I’ll walk with you.”

Will had to bite back the urge to growl at him. Couldn’t he see that Will was well provided for? He didn’t need another Alpha to take care of him, Hannibal went above and beyond, he was the best Alpha an Omega could ever ask for—

Will gave his head a little shake. He wasn’t even that far along, and he was already acting like an idiot.

Had he been this bad with Mischa?

Frederick was already leading Will towards the kitchen, so Will just shrugged his hand off his shoulder and fell into step in front of him. This was his home, and Will wasn’t going to let a stranger lead him around.

The kitchen was oddly silent compared to the hustle and bustle of the parlor.

The help Hannibal had hired for the night were giving the last few finishing touches to the dishes spread out on the kitchen island. Hannibal was at the front of it, directing the staff and observing the last few touches as Winston sat by his side. Hannibal was in his element, and Will watched him fondly for a few moments before sliding up to him.

“Hello, darlin’”

“Will, my love.” A smile bloomed across Hannibal’s lips, and he leaned down to give Will a proper kiss.

Will may have gotten a little more into it than was strictly appropriate, but Fredrick was still looking at him and Will needed to show this Alpha that he was already claimed—

God *damn* did Will need to calm down.

“And here is *ma petite bichette*,” Hannibal gently lifted Mischa from Will’s arms, holding her close to his chest as she squealed in delight. “I’m assuming Clarice was with you, as I did not find her down here.”

“Ah, yeah, she came up to the nursery right after you left.” Will diverted his attention to Winston, who was looking up at Will with that lolling doggie smile of his. Will smiled and leaned down to pet his hound.

“She’s such a troublesome thing.” Hannibal chided, reaching out to straighten the sleeve on Mischa’s dress.

“It’s because you let her get away with so much stuff.” Will hummed, straightening himself and snagging a strawberry off one of the fruit platters. He popped it in his mouth, giving Hannibal a bright smile as he frowned.

Frederick cleared his throat behind them, and Will had to fight with himself not to roll his eyes.

One day he was going to bring that man down to the basement.

“Ah, Frederick. I apologize, but dinner is about to be served, so if we could all make our way do the dining room?” Hannibal started to lead him out without really giving the man a choice.

Will gave a triumph little smile, but before he could make his way out of the kitchen he was corralled in by his two eldest daughters.

“Is Clarice right?” Abigail was looking at him with wide eyes, but she was smiling. “Are you actually—“

Will shushed her and pulled her into the kitchen. Hannibal looked back with raised eyebrows, and Will smiled and waved for his husband to go on. “Yes, but I don’t want Hannibal to know yet.”

“Yeah, we have to keep it a secret from Papa.” Clarice piped up, looking momentarily before going back to petting Winston.

Abigail looked down at her, then back up to Will. She took a tentative sniff, her smile growing a little wider. “How has he not smelled it on you yet?”

“I think he just got used to always smelling me and Mischa at the same time.” Will was smiling again. “I’m going to tell him tonight, so you have to keep it a secret until then, okay?”

“Yeah, I can do that.” Abigail was grinning now. “I just—I’m so excited! You’re gonna have another baby!”

Will’s smile grew a little wider. “We’ll celebrate before you head back to university, but right now we should head to the dining room before your Papa comes looking for us.”

Will reached down to scoop Clarice up. She huffed, but held on to Will’s shoulders and adjusted herself till she was comfortable. Abigail chuckled at the two of them, laughing a little harder as Will gave her an empty glare.

“Sorry I just—you’re already going into your over protective parent mode—“

“Alright, move out.” Will ushered Abigail out of the kitchen and back to the parlor, Winston trotting after them. Most of their guests had already moved to the dining room, and Will fell into step behind the few stragglers.

When Will stepped into the dining room everyone had taken their seats. Abigail was taking Mischa from Hannibal, and Will set Clarice down so she could run off to her seat. Winston

followed her, laying down by her chair as he had been taught to do. Will waited in the doorway for Hannibal, leaning up with a smile to kiss his husband. Hannibal gave a soft hum, letting his hand settle on the small of Will's back as he pulled away.

"I'll only be a moment, my dear."

Will smiled softly. "I can hold the fort down for a couple minutes, darlin'."

Hannibal hummed again, leaning in for another kiss. Will kept it short and sweet—they really did need to get this dinner party going—sending Hannibal off to the kitchen when he pulled away. When Will turned back to their guests most of them were looking at him, and Will turned on a bright smile as he tuned out their curiosity and annoyance and disgust.

Four years Will had been hosting these parties with Hannibal, and most of these people still despised that an Omega would hold court over them.

"I apologize for being late." Will calmly made his way to the head of the table. He sat to the right of Hannibal's seat; next to Clarice and across from Abigail. "Mischa was being fussy this evening, so I stayed with her until she calmed down."

"Oh, there's no need to apologize Will," Loraine was an old friend of Hannibal's. She had been a nurse when Hannibal had still been in his residency at John Hopkins. "We all know family comes first."

"Still, it's rude of me to keep ya'll waiting." Will let his accent slip out a bit stronger than he normally would.

"Oh, it's quite alright." Another older woman spoke. Mrs. Rita, if Will remember correctly. She always got flustered when Will put on the accent a bit more than usual. "Abigail was able to keep us entertained."

Abigail gave a faint smile. "I try my best, Mrs. Rita."

Mischa chose that moment to babble something. Most of the attention turned to her, and Will shifted himself in his seat so he was facing Mischa. She waved her arms and kicked her legs, and Will lifted her out of her high chair so she could sit in his lap.

"I heard your husband was moving his practice to the house." a man Will didn't know spoke up. "It seems such a shame to leave that office behind."

He was looking at Mischa with distaste. Will cocked his head for a moment, then put on his best *go fuck yourself smile*.

"My husband has been thinking about moving his offices to our home for a while now. To be closer to family." Will held Mischa just a bit closer. "Having Mischa Just solidified his decision."

Before anything else could be said Hannibal came back with his staff and the food. Will could smell something sweet--maple, perhaps?

"I kept it simple tonight." Hannibal stood at the head of the table as the plates were set. "A pork roast with a maple balsamic sauce and scallops."

Murmured appreciation filled the room, and as Hannibal sat the food started to make its way to the fifteen other people seated at Hannibal's table. It was a relatively small number of guests, considering it was Hannibal, but he had promised Will he would keep the numbers low for this particular gathering for his sake. Will had been stressed lately, between officially going back to work after several months away, Abigail leaving for her first year of university, and Hannibal moving his office to their home. Will was also still incredibly weary of letting people into his home, especially with Mischa still being so young.

Will pressed a quick kiss to the top of Mischa's head before letting Hannibal take her back. She curled right up to his chest, balling the fabric of his suit jacket in her tiny fists.

"I doubt she's going to let you go for the rest of the night." Will mused, skipping over his wine glass to take a sip of water.

"I'd hardly mind." Hannibal looked up to Will.

They shared a smile, and Will leaned into Hannibal's touch as he lifted his hand to tuck a stray curl back into place.

"You two are being gross." Clarice huffed, crossing her arms and narrowing her eyes at her parents. "And you said you wouldn't be gross at the dinner table anymore."

"Oh, I'm sure there's a reason for it." Abigail gave Will a bright smile.

"Yeah, but still--" Clarice cut herself off with a gasp. Hannibal gave her an odd look, and Will hid a smile behind a closed fist.

"Are you alright, little lamb?" Hannibal asked, reaching past Will to reach his daughter. Clarice batted his hand away and grumbled about how she was perfectly fine, Papa, promise! Hannibal didn't quite look like he believed her, but if he moved any further forward he risked disturbing Mischa.

Will fussed over Clarice for a bit to appease Hannibal, and when she batted Will's hands away and loudly proclaimed that she was fine Will let himself get pulled into the conversation circling the dinner table.

All too soon the evening was winding down to an end, and Hannibal was ushering everyone back to the parlor with almost empty glasses of wine to finish before they got their coats and went back into the summer night. Hannibal kept Mischa in his arms, whispering softly to her in French and Italian as she started to rub her eyes and dig her head in Hannibal's shoulder. Even Clarice was starting to lose her energy, and Hannibal started to hurry people out the door without making it obvious that he was doing so.

Eventually the last person was gone, and Will and Hannibal were left standing in an empty foyer.

"I can put Mischa to bed." Abigail held out her hands, gently taking her sister from Hannibal's arms.

"You don't have to, tesoro."

"It's okay, Papa. I haven't gotten to see the little squirt too much today anyway." Abigail gave Hannibal a smile, then turned to Clarice. "Why don't you come with me, Clarice."

"But I don't want--" Clarice blinked, then understanding flashed across her face. "Yeah, okay!"

She fell into step besides Abigail, a little of her energy back in her step. Winston got up from his spot by the fireplace to follow the girls, and Will smiled fondly at the sight they made going up the stairs.

"Are you going to tell me what it is you've been hiding?"

Will huffed out a laugh, letting Hannibal lead him back to the living room. "And here I thought I was being subtle."

"You always are, my dear," Hannibal circled his arm around Will's waist, bring his other down to lace their fingers together. "But I have also known you for fifteen years."

Will smiled softly. The firelight was low, casting soft shadows across the walls. The record Hannibal had put on was playing quietly in the background, and the air was still warm from all the bodies that had been in the room. Will leaned forward till his lips were ghosting over his husbands, and he started to sway in time to the music.

"It's a good something I'm hiding." Will mumbled.

"Is it now?"

Will hummed, taking Hannibal's hand and gently placing it on his abdomen. "A very good something."

Hannibal stilled.

"I found out last Friday." Will smiled, bringing up his other hand to cup the back of Hannibal's neck. "I was waiting to see if you would notice."

Hannibal's breath hitched, and then he surged forward to kiss Will.

Will was purring softly, pressing himself closer to his alpha. Hannibal's hand stayed on Will's abdomen, the warmth from Hannibal seeping through the cotton of Will's shirt and kissing his skin. Will took his hand off of Hannibal's, circling it around his back to tangle in his hair. Hannibal kissed him a little harder as Will gave a tug, then he pulled away, his thumb starting to slowly slide across Will's stomach.

"I was thinking we could name him after you, if he's a boy. Call him Henry for short." Will nuzzled at Hannibal's neck.

“And if she’s a girl?” Hannibal asked softly.

“I haven’t gotten that far yet.” Will mumbled.

Hannibal gave a soft laugh, then leaned down to kiss Will again.

“Daddy, did ‘cha tell him?” Clarice came flying down the stairs with Winston, and she ran into Hannibal with a soft oof. “Papa, stop being gross!”

“I don’t think I am able, my little lamb. I’m much too happy.” Hannibal picked her up, swinging her around before settling her against his side.

“I hope it’s a boy.” Clarice was smiling. “I love Mischa, but It’d be cool to have a brother.”

“Boys are nothing but trouble.” Abigail had come down the stairs, and she stopped to give Winston a scratch behind the ears. If Will didn’t know any better he’d say the two of them had been waiting at the top of the stairs.

Will shook his head fondly, his brow furrowing when the doorbell rang. He was the closest to the door, so he left his family with promises of being right back to go see who it was.

Will was less than pleased when he opened the door.

“Jack, I told you I wasn’t going to come out tonight--”

“Will, I need you to come outside.” Jack’s hand latched onto his wrist, and he pulled Will outside before he could protest.

“What the hell--?”

“Where’s Mischa?”

“We just put her to bed.” Will ripped his arm out of Jack’s grip. “Why do you--?”

“What about Clarice and Abigail?” Jack started leading Will away from the house and to the van he had parked on the roadside.

“They’re with Hannibal--”

The door to the van slid open. An agent Will didn’t know was sitting grim faced next to Chilton, who looked as guilty as a man like him could look. “We should sedate him, Agent Crawford. There’s too much risk of him going into shock.”

“Sedate me?” Will whipped around to look at Jack, but the agent had grabbed Will by the wrist and pulled him back. Will fell onto him, and he tried to scramble off but the man was holding him firmly to his chest.

“I’m sorry about this, Will.” Jack’s face had fallen into a look of sorrow. “I really am.”

“Sorry about what--” Will was cut off as a needle was pushed into his neck.

He let out a gurgled choke, and Will reached up to rip the needle away, but it was too late. Whatever Chilton had put in there as already working, and Will's vision was starting to swim while his hands shook. He saw Jack pull out a radio, heard a muffled get the kids first, and then Will was gone.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Present Day

“Tell me how you met him.”

Will didn’t look up. He kept his gaze firmly locked on his hands, watching the gold of his ring glint in the bright fluorescent lights as he twisted it around his finger. It was all he had left, the only thing of his husband they let him keep.

“Will—“

“You already know the story.” Will’s throat was raw—from both disuse and the tube being shoved down his throat twice a week.

“But I haven’t heard it from you.”

Will said nothing. He looked at his ring, trailing his fingertips along the gems in the gold. Sapphires and rubies, because *they remind me of the first night I truly saw you, my dear Will*. He remembered how happy he had been then, back in Florence when Hannibal had given him this ring and promises and a love that would be endless, a love that would never die *because not even Death can stop us*.

“You met in Italy, right?”

This psychologist was new, young, too eager. She hadn’t looked up what had happened to the others who had tried to speak to Will, too caught up in fantasies of being the first to get Will Graham-Lecter to break his silence.

“Have you ever been to Italy, Dr. Finch?”

“I can’t say that I have.” She held a badly concealed smile. “I don’t get to travel outside of the states very much.”

Will’s eyes flicked to hers, then back to the ring. “Hannibal took me back for our fifth anniversary, a few year into his residency—“

“You married young, yes? When you were nineteen?”

“It’s rude to cut people off.”

For the first time since she had stepped foot in Will’s cell he saw fear in her eyes. Foolish of her to let her guard down just because Will was another Omega.

“I—I’m sorry, I didn’t—“

“Have you ever eaten raw meat?”

She looked taken aback by the question. “No. It’s—never been to my tastes.”

“It’s certainly an acquired taste, I’ll give you that.” Will gave her his full attention now, locking their eyes together and refusing to let her look away. “Did they ever tell you what I did to my first doctor? It wouldn’t be in my file—Chilton is afraid if it’s brought up suddenly I might *relapse*.”

Will leaned closer to Dr. Finch. A sharp smile tugged at his lips, growing wider as she leaned back in her chair. “I ripped his throat out and ate it.”

The cell doors buzzed open. The hired security Chilton always had on hand came in--two of them stone faced and weary and frightened of Will, and they escorted Dr. Finch out as quickly as they could. Will caught a glimpse of Chilton behind the door before it closed, then he turned away from the glass wall to stare at the concrete. He brought his knees up to his chest, burrowing himself in his nest of blankets and sheets he had made for himself on his cot.

It wasn’t the same. It wasn’t soft, not like the ones he had made in his and Hannibal’s bed every month. It didn’t smell like Hannibal either, like the cinnamon and sandalwood and copper of his mate. It didn’t smell like anything except the must and mold of the storage room Chilton had pulled the blankets out of.

“Will.”

“I didn’t threaten her.” Will mumbled. He pulled a soft fleece baby blanket to his nose, breathing in the faint fading scent of Mischa. Will had been granted this, because Chilton was too afraid of Alana to say no. “I was just talking. Like you asked me to do.”

Omega’s didn’t nest unless they were in heat or pregnant. Will hadn’t had either of those things in two years, yet he had made a nest and kept it for these two years he had been in this cell.

Hannibal would tell him he was in mourning for the life he had lost. Chilton said he was adjusting to normal life again and craved the comfort.

Will was sure Chilton was saying something else to him, but Will wasn’t paying attention. He had closed his eyes, slipping away into the mind palace he had so painstakingly built over these past two years.

“Where did you go, my love?”

“Nowhere important.” Will reached out, letting his fingertips ghost over Hannibal’s jaw and skin.

They were back in Italy, in the hotel room Hannibal had rented out for the last three days of Will’s study abroad program. It was just as messy as they had always left it; clothes strewn

about the floor; empty glasses of wine on the bedside table, a wine bottle on the floor by the bed, a knife resting on the desk, still dripping blood.

Will's host family never seemed to care that he disappeared at night--they never asked where he went, never brought it up.

It a cool summer night--the night before Will was supposed to go back to the states. The night he was supposed to leave Hannibal.

Will was only nineteen, Hannibal twenty one. They had known each other for three months, but Will had known from the moment they first locked eyes with each other across the Uffizi Gallery--had seen the darkness that they both shared--he knew that he would love this man until his dying breath.

Will let himself fall back, content to watch his memory play out.

They had left the doors to the balcony open, the breeze blowing the linen curtains back and replacing the smell of musk and sex with sea salt and lavender. The city lights shown outside, the faint sounds of laughter and music mixing with Will and Hannibal's own breathing.

Hannibal's fingers trailed along Will's sides, and he gently tugged him closer until they were pressed together. Will tangled their legs together, tilting his head back so Hannibal could kiss along the necklace of bruises he had carefully left behind.

"When is your flight?"

"Not till one." Will lifted his hands so he could play with Hannibal's hair. He hadn't told Hannibal his flight time till then; he wanted to pretend he wouldn't have to leave for a little while longer. He wanted to believe he could stay in Florence with the monster that he had tamed. "We still have time."

"Not enough." Hannibal whispered it against his skin, his hands skimming down Will's sides till they were gripping his hips.

"I don't think we'll ever have enough time." Will gently pulled away, moving his hands till his palms were cupping Hannibal's cheeks. Hannibal was looking at Will so softly, and he lifted one of his hands to rest on top of Will's.

"I would come back with you." Hannibal whispered it, taking Will's hand in his own and pressing a soft kiss to his palm.

Will swallowed. His heart fluttered, and he felt the words leave his mouth before he could stop himself. He didn't want to stop himself.

"Then come back with me."

Hannibal's breath hitched.

"Come back with me." Will lifted himself and hovered over Hannibal, straddling his hips and moving his hands to rest on Hannibal's chest. "Mark me. Claim me. Make me yours."

“Will, mylimasis—“

“I would let you mate me, if it meant you would never leave my side.” Will took a shuddering breath as he leaned forward, pressing his and Hannibal’s foreheads together, their breath mingling together. “I love you, Hannibal. You have made me love you with everything I have.”

Hannibal surged forward, pressing his lips to Will’s in a bruising kiss.

“Everything—I would give you everything.” Hannibal pulled Will back, and this time when they pulled away Will could taste the sweet tang of blood on his lips. “I would give you the world. I would rip the stars from the sky if you asked. I would slaughter the entire world and then myself if it were the only thing that could make you happy.”

“Then do it.” Will breathed.

This time when Hannibal pulled Will back down he let his lips fall on Will’s neck. Then Hannibal sunk his teeth in, claiming and marking him and Will was unashamed about the moan that tore its way from his lips. Will pulled Hannibal closer—he wanted to bleed, to hurt, he wanted people to know that this man beneath him was his.

Blood covered Hannibal’s lips when he pulled away.

“You are mine.”

“Yours.” Will agreed, leaning down to kiss and lick the blood away. “Your Omega.”

“My everything.” Hannibal finished. He leaned up to lick away the blood and broken skin over Will’s scent gland. It wasn’t a true claim mark yet--wouldn’t be until Will went into heat--but it was there. It was a promise. A commitment to a life of love and adoration and brutal violence.

—

“Where does he go?” Jack Crawford was watching Will through the glass of the cell.

“To his memories, I assume.” Frederick glanced over at Jack before looking back to Will. It looked like the Omega was asleep, curled up in his nest and holding the baby blanket to his chest. “He told me once that they were all he had left.”

Jack looked to Frederick, his brows furrowed.

“I believe he’s in a prolonged Stress Syndrome. It’s typical for Omegas who are away from their mates, although I’ve never seen it to this level.” Frederick gave a soft sigh. “I much prefer this to the alternative, though.”

Jack blinked slowly, then looked back to Will. “So he really did do that, huh?”

“If you mean ripped out a man’s throat with his teeth when he first came out of the anesthesia, yes.” Frederick gave Jack a side eye. “He was in solitary for the first month here because of that.

Jack hummed. They fell into a silence, watching Will as he slept. Then Jack softly asked “Did we do the right thing?”

“Will Graham needs help. We had to take away everything that would remind him of Hannibal, including his children.” Frederick was quick to defend himself. His choices regarding Will Graham-Lecters care had been heavily scrutinized and judged these past two years. Frederick’s methods of helping Will heal were brutal, especially to an Omega, but spending fifteen years married and mated to the Chesapeake Ripper called for nothing but brutal.

Freddie Lounds had a field day when all this was first coming out.

“But the ring? The blanket?” Jack rounded back on Frederick. “He still has those.”

“Dr. Bloom believes it would have been more damaging if I had taken *everything* away.” Frederick’s eyes narrowed for a moment. He left out that the last time they had tried to take Will’s ring away the Omega had ripped a man’s eyes from his skull and tore half the flesh off another’s man’s face. Will had managed to swallow some skin and blood, and Frederick ordered to have Will’s stomach pumped—despite the fact that had been the first thing Will had voluntarily ate in months.

They hadn’t tried to take the ring again.

“I believe Hannibal still has his ring.”

“I wouldn’t know. I haven’t seen him.” Jack’s voice was angry. Frederick knew he had hit a nerve, and he placed a hand on Jack’s shoulder and steered him away from Will’s cell.

“Let’s go to my office. I doubt Will will be much help to you today, if he’s any help to you at all.” Frederick tried to placate Jack—he wanted him calm around his patients—but seeing as how he was an Alpha trying to calm another Alpha, it had little effect. “Perhaps I can help you?”

“No offence to you, doctor, but the only one who can help me with his case is Will.”

“Because he’s an Omega?” Frederick felt a stab of anger at the dismissal, but he pushed it down. He had heard about the case. It was impossible not too. “Or his empathy?”

“Because he’s *Will*.” Jack snapped it, practically throwing Frederick’s hand off his shoulder. Then he sighed, rubbing the bridge of his nose to fight off an oncoming headache. “I have five dead Omegas in half as many months with no leads, Dr. Chilton. I’m desperate for anything.”

They had reached Frederick's office. He pulled the door open for Jack, letting him enter first. "If you were truly desperate, Agent Crawford, you would have gone to Hannibal."

Frederick gently closed the door behind him, giving Jack a tight smile.

"I will never be that desperate."

"Oh, I don't know about that." Frederick walked around his desk, taking a seat and gesturing for Jack to do the same. He picked up a pen, twisting it around in his hands. "You have five dead Omegas, all with broken necks and all showing signs of sexual assault. Harming Omegas in any way is sure to get you socially outcasted, but murder and rape? That's practically a death sentence."

"I'm well aware of that, doctor. I've had the press camped outside my door for the past two months clambering for answers that I can't give them." Jack's lips were in a tight line.

"So you come to Will." Frederick finished. "Agent Crawford, I'm aware that I let you in here today, but I don't think Will is ready to see you, let alone be thrust back into the world of death and violence."

"It's been two years, surely--"

"Will has been put through fifteen years of Hannibal's manipulations. Two years is hardly any time at all."

Jack's nostrils flared. Frederick was certain Jack's Alpha was screaming to fight, to assert his dominance over this other Alpha that dared to question him, but Jack Crawford wasn't stupid enough to get into a dominance fight. He certainly wasn't stupid enough to do it in the other Alpha's territory.

"Doctor, you will let me speak to Will." Jack's eyes were narrowed. "Even if I have to get an official order to do it."

Frederick felt the pen bend in his hand. "You certainly won't be speaking to him today."

There was a deafening silence. And then--

"I'll be back tomorrow." Jack stood suddenly from the chair. It teetered back dangerously, but it won against gravity and remained upright. Frederick looked away from the chair to Jack, who held badly concealed rage in his eyes. Then he stormed out of Frederick's office in a rather brutish display of Alpha tendencies.

Frederick wasn't entirely sure he could blame him. Having five dead Omega's on your hands was as stressful as it could get. But it wasn't Frederick's problem. His soul concern was Will Graham-Lecter's care.

"Sir?" there was a soft knock at the office door. "Will is awake."

Frederick gave a soft sigh. He dropped his pen and stood, opening the drawer of his desk to pull out a photo album.

Alana had stopped by earlier this week with the album. It was full of pictures of Abigail, Clarice and Mischa. She had given the album to Frederick with narrowed eyes, telling him rather harshly that “*Will is still an Omega. Keeping him from his children is only hindering his recovery.*” He couldn’t physically see his children--it was too much of a risk to pull them from their apartment and anonymity just to see their father--but Alana was determined to give Will something so he could see them.

Alana was the dominant Alpha of the two of them, and she used that to give Frederick no room to say no.

Frederick scowled at the memory, but he let the Beta orderly lead him back to Will’s cell.

Will was still in his nest, but his eyes were firmly trained on the glass. His head was cocked, one leg pulled to his chest while the other dangled off the edge of the cot. He smiled slowly when Frederick came into view, tilting his head just a little further till his curls bounced.

“Did I scare her off?”

“Sara agreed to come back next week.” Frederick let his eyes narrow ever so slightly. “You’ll have to try harder, I’m afraid.”

Will’s smile only got wider. Then he straightened, unfolding himself and standing in a slow fluid motion. He walked over to the glass, tilting his head again and clasping his hands behind his back. “What are you hiding behind your back?”

“A gift to you. From Dr. Bloom.”

Frederick gave the photo album to the orderly with him, turning around and walking away before Will got it.

He left, so he didn’t notice the way Will’s hands were shaking as he took it. He didn’t notice the way his eyes widened as he opened it, the way he bit his lip as he fell back into his nest with the album in his lap. He didn’t notice the way Will’s eyes watered as he flipped through the pages, or the piece of paper that had fallen in Will’s hand. He didn’t notice the smile that had spread across Will’s lips, the way he carefully unfolded the paper, how lightly he let his fingers trail across the charcoal lines and smudges.

He didn’t notice the words Will mouthed as he ghosted over them, or the way he held the paper to his lips, opening his mouth to breath in the faint scent of cinnamon and sandalwood and copper.

Chapter End Notes

well I got this done faster than I had thought. not sleeping is really great for my creative streak apparently

Hannibal smells like sandalwood because sandalwood is my favorite smell ever and i'm going to light my sandalwood candle as soon as I get home

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

hey friends, i would just like to let you know there is a force feeding scene in this chapter. it's not too graphic, but in case you want to skip over it it starts at *Out of the six nurses there--four to hold him down, two to feed him--Chilton wasn't anywhere to be seen.* and ends with the chapter break

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"I got your drawing." Will was smiling. "It's beautiful."

Will could imagine it. Alana putting together the album, Hannibal asking to see it. Alana would allow it—it would go through screening anyway, so any of Hannibal's scent that might linger would be gone. Hannibal would have let his fingers trail along the photos, just like Will does, trying to memorize the faces as best he could. He would slip the drawing into the film, behind the photos where no one could see. He would flip through it one last time before handing it back to Alana through the cell, a small smile on his lips.

"I'm glad, my dear."

There was a place Will went when there was nowhere else for him to go. It was Hannibal's study—the fires were always warm, the room always bright, the air filled with the cinnamon and sandalwood and copper of Hannibal's sent.

And Hannibal was always there, waiting for Will.

"It pales in comparison to your beauty, to our daughters beauty." Hannibal was in the maroon button down and black silk vest that Will always loved on him. He too had a smile on his lips, and he stood from the armchair by the fire and crossed the study to bring his hands to Will's jaw and hold him like he was the most beloved thing in this world. "I could never fully capture it."

The sides of Hannibal's hands were smeared with charcoal.

"You say that every time, darlin'." Will kissed him, bringing his arms around Hannibal's neck and pulling him as close as he could.

The door to the study opened, and Clarice came running in. Mischa was behind her—she would be three, now, and happily running all over the house until she tired—Winston following behind Mischa to make sure she didn't fall.

"Papa!" Mischa held out her chubby hands to Hannibal, squealing in delight as Hannibal scooped her up.

“Ma bichette, I’ve missed you so.” Hannibal held her close, kissing her cheeks as she laughed.

“It’s been like, an hour.” Clarice grumbled.

But it had been so much more than an hour. It had been two years, three months, six days and twenty minutes, to be precise.

And yet Will smiled, leaning against the oak desk. He helped Clarice up so she could sit atop it, and he dropped his hand to scratch behind Winston’s ear. “Your Papa is just clingy.”

Hannibal gave him the look, but then Abigail came in and Will turned all his attention to his eldest daughter and son.

Henry—because they would have had a boy, Will was certain—would have been a little over a year old. He had Will’s blue eyes, just like Mischa, but his hair wasn’t the same blond as Mischa’s was. It was a rich brown, already curly and difficult to tame. He wasn’t as talkative as Mischa had been, but he did let out a happy little gurgle when he saw Will.

“Hey, pumpkin.” Will smiled and kissed his cheek as he took him from Abigail. “Were you good for your sister?”

“He always is.” Abigail went over to Hannibal and Mischa. She gave Hannibal a bright smile, holding out her hands as Mischa started to squirm in an attempt to get over to her.

Will smiled softly at the sight, holding Henry close as the baby snuggled up to his chest.

“Will!”

There was a sudden pounding in Will’s head. He hissed at it, taking a step back as he held Henry closer.

“Are you alright, my dear?” Hannibal quickly came over, placing his hands on Will’s cheeks. He looked so concerned, and Will bumped their foreheads together and gave a low purr to calm him.

The pounding got louder, and Will closed his eyes for a moment. “I—I have to go.”

“You’ll come back though, won’t you?” Clarice jumped off the desk, her eyes growing wide.

Hannibal placed a gentle hand on her shoulder, pulling her against his side. She drew close to him, clinging to his pant leg as he gently ran his fingers through her hair.

“Of course I will, little lamb.” Will held Henry closer. He didn’t want to leave him—he didn’t want to leave any of his children, not again—

“We’ll be right here Dad,” Abigail gave him a smile, setting Mischa down so she could give him a loose hug. “We always are.”

Will swallowed. “I miss you so much.”

"I know." Abigail clutched him a little tighter. "We miss you too, Dad."

"WILL!"

Will's eyes snapped open.

He was back in his cell, staring at that damn glass wall. He looked down at his hand, away from Chilton, twisting the ring on his finger.

"You didn't eat your food."

The *again* hung in the space between them.

Will would hardly call what Chilton gave him *food*. Perhaps he had just been too spoiled by Hannibal's cooking, maybe those pregnancy cravings never really went away—either way microwavable steak and mashed potatoes just didn't sound appealing to him anymore.

"Will, if you don't eat it in the next hour I'll have Matthew come get you." Chilton was right against the glass now. His chest was puffed and his stance was ridged. He was trying to be the intimidating Alpha, and Will couldn't help but laugh at his efforts.

Chilton has already shown that he was scared of Will, of an *Omega*.

"Don't waste your time. We both know I'm not going to eat it." Will leaned against the wall, burrowing himself deeper in his blankets. "Or do wait. Maybe then you won't have to drag me kicking and screaming."

He heard Chilton take a sharp inhale through his nose before storming off.

Will stared at his ring for a moment longer, twisting it around twice more before sliding the photo album out from under his pillow.

He hadn't slept last night. He kept looking through the photos, dragging his fingertips across the faces of his daughters as his memories played out. He looked through the album until he had it memorized, and then he looked at it again and again until his eyes stung from the strain.

Will ran his fingers along the cover, then opened it to a random page.

The first thing he saw was Mischa's hospital picture. She was scrunched up and grumpy, a tiny fist gripping the knitted hat the nurses had given her. Will smiled, reaching out to play with the edge of Mischa's blanket that he had tucked against his chest.

Will remembered that day so clearly.

Mischa has decided to come into the world a few weeks early, and Will remembered that Abigail had to drive to the hospital because Hannibal was trying to keep both Will and Clarice calm. When they got to the hospital and into a room Will had held on to Hannibal's hand tight enough that it had to have hurt—he had seen bruises a few days later and had lightly kissed them while whispering apologies. Clarice had climbed into the chair with

Hannibal while Abigail paced back and forth at the foot of the bed, and Hannibal had told Clarice don't be afraid, little lamb as he pulled her into his lap and held her close.

Clarice had been terrified. She was six then, and wasn't entirely sure what had been going on. All she had known was that she was going to have a baby sister, and she had spent the entire time hiding in Hannibal's arms as the doctors drugged and numbed and cut into Will.

Then Will was holding Mischa as he blinked away the effects of the drugs, making room on the hospital bed so Clarice could climb up with him and say hello to her sister.

Will's smile fell, his hand falling to his stomach.

He had a new scar over the old one now. One he didn't want.

"Will?"

Will closed the album. No one but him needed to see these photos, these memories, this life that had been ripped away from him--

"Will, are you alright?"

Will looked up to see Matthew Brown hovering just inside the doorway of his cell. He was a Beta--everyone who worked at Chilton's little treatment center was--but he was the kind of Beta who tried too hard to be something he wasn't. He always acted more like an Alpha when he was around Will, treating Will like he would if he were courting him.

Will would have snapped his neck if Chilton wouldn't take away what little he had left.

"When am I ever?" Will shoved the album back under his pillow. His arm twitched as he debated on whether or not he should get up, and a few moments later he threw the blankets back over himself and burrowed deeper.

He had promised Chilton some kicking and screaming, after all.

"Will." Matthew's voice dropped, and then he was across the room and ripping the blanket off and dropping his hand in the back of Will's neck.

Will growled and squirmed. He tried to get his hand on Matthew's, but Matthew only squeezed harder until Will couldn't fight it anymore. He fell limp, soft growls working their way out of his throat as Matthew manhandled Will into the straight jacket.

They were supposed to use sedatives, but lately Matthew had been forgoing the needle to use Will's pressure points against him.

Will hated it .

"Alright, up you go." Matthew kept a firm hold of Will's neck as he steered him out the cell. "This really would be much easier if you would just eat, Will."

"Go suck a dick." Will snapped back.

Matthew didn't say anything in response. He kept marching Will down the halls, tightening his hold on Will's neck when he became anything but limp. Will was tempted to go all rag doll on him and make this as difficult as he possibly could, but Matthew knew how to work Will's pressure points well enough that he could keep him in that static in between.

When they reached the room--the Feeding Chamber, as Will dubbed it--Matthew let go. Will didn't have enough time to snap at him before the other nurses were grabbing his shoulders and hauling him to the bed.

Out of the six nurses there--four to hold him down, two to feed him--Chilton wasn't anywhere to be seen.

He never was.

Will tried to squirm away, but they already had his shoulders pinned down and two more nurses were putting the buckles around his legs and chest.

"Let's make this easy today, okay?" Glenda--she was the one who oversaw the *tube feeding*, as Chilton insisted it was called--gave Will an easy smile.

In response Will ground his teeth and clamped his jaw shut.

Glenda sighed. "Matthew, if you could?"

Rough hands worked his jaw open, and when Will tried to turn his head away those hands just twisted it right back. The tube started to slid into his mouth--it was small, just wide enough to let the liquid flow easily through it. Will let out a choked off growl, and he bit down on the tube before it could get any further.

There was another sigh, and then someone was pinching Will's nose shut.

He held his breath for as long as he could, but just as his vision got fuzzy they pried his jaw back open and shoved the tube down until Will was choking.

--

"Tube feeding?"

"Yes." Dr. Chilton lead Jack through the halls, away from the office and back towards Will's cell. "He's been refusing to eat. He should be back to his cell by now. The feeding sessions don't take more than half an hour."

Jack looked at Dr. Chilton with wide eyes. "How long has this been going on?"

Dr. Chilton turned around to give Jack a quick glance. "Since he got here."

Jack opened his mouth, then closed it again. He looked away from Dr. Chilton, tapping his finger against his leg.

Two years of being fed through a *tube*.

“I didn’t know.” Jack mumbled.

“Most people don’t.” Dr. Chilton entered in a keycode on the door panel, stepping back for a moment as it clicked open. He put his hand on the handle, then looked back at Jack with narrowed eyes. “I would like to keep it that way, Agent Crawford.”

“Of course.”

Dr. Chilton nodded and pushed open the door. He gestured Jack through, sternly reminding him that *you have thirty minutes. No more, no less*. Then he left, the door clicking shut behind Jack.

Then Jack was left standing in front of Will’s glass wall, watching the Omega as he shifted around in his nest.

“Hello, Jack.”

These past two years had not been kind to Will Graham-Lecter. The solitary confinement that Chilton had promised would help had only seemed to make the omega worse.

“I was wondering when you were gonna come talk to me.” Will hadn’t looked up from the book in his hands. He was running his fingertips across the pages, and when Jack looked a little closer he could see that it was full of photographs.

“Dr. Chilton didn’t think it would be good for you to see me.”

Will gave a soft little hum as he turned the page. “Chilton doesn’t think anything is good for me.”

He tilted the album away, bringing his knees up to his chest to hide it from Jack. His voice was rough, and he grimaced as he coughed around his words. Will shifted, dragging his fingers across a photo that Jack couldn’t see.

“Is Mischa talking now?”

Jack blinked at the question. “She—no. No, she’s not.”

Will’s hands stilled. He looked up, his head tilting dangerously. “What?”

Will’s voice cracked, and Jack pretended not to notice.

“Will, I didn’t come here to talk about your children. Dr. Chilton wouldn’t want me to talk about them anyway--”

“Well that’s too bad, because that’s what I want to talk about.” Will stashed the album under his pillow before he stood. The blankets he had wrapped himself in fell off his shoulders, and Jack hadn’t noticed how skinny the Omega was until then. “What do you mean Mischa isn’t talking?”

He had reached the glass, and his voice was dangerously low as he stared Jack down.

Jack had to look away. “Will, I’m not allowed to—“

“I don’t give a shit what you’re allowed to do.” Will slammed his palm against the glass, curling his fingers into a tight fist, the faintest sounds of a whine at the back of his throat. “Tell me why my daughter can’t talk, Jack.”

Jack swallowed. “She—Alana believes it’s a psychological trauma caused by being taken away from Ha—from her parents.”

Will went deathly silent. His hand slowly fell back to his side, and he took a step back from the glass. He stared at Jack until Jack had to look away again. It must have been a full minute before Jack could look back at him, and when he did he almost wished he hadn’t.

Will held such a controlled fury in his eyes that if this glass wall wasn’t between them Jack had no doubt that Will would wrap his hands around his neck and squeeze until it broke.

“Is that so?”

“Will, it’s not--”

“Get the fuck out.” Will cut him off.

Jack frowned. He drew himself up, taking on the Alpha stance he had so often used to get Will to comply. “Will, I need your help--”

“You either leave now or I break this glass and push it into your neck until it comes out on the other side.”

The door buzzed open, and a nurse came bustling in. “Sir, you need to leave.”

“But I--”

The nurse was pushing him out the door, not leaving Jack any time to protest. Jack had time to look back at Will before the door closed and locked. Will’s face was a blend of fury and anger and sorrow, and Jack saw several nurses come into the room and corner him against the bed.

Then the door closed, and Jack was face to face with Dr. Chilton.

He looked almost as furious as Will had.

“You were only supposed to talk to him about the case.” Dr. Chilton took a step towards him, and Jack drew himself up and let out a low growl.

“She’s his *daughter*. He deserves to know--”

“But now I have to keep him sedated until he calms down.” Dr. Chilton stepped closer until they were chest to chest. His hackles were raised, and Jack had to stomp down his urge to fight back, to prove that he wasn’t in the wrong-- “Don’t you dare try to come back, Agent Crawford.”

“Oh, I’ll dare.” Jack growled, and then a security guard was pulling him away and leading him back to the front doors.

Chapter End Notes

wow i've actually been getting sleep holy crap. It's also midterm season and I have been stressed as fuck.

(I made myself sad with this chapter)

((i also wasn't gonna add Matthew in, but then I decided lets go with maximum angst before I get to comfort))

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Jack went to see Dr. Chilton yesterday.”

Hannibal paused in his sketching, gently lifting the charcoal from the paper. He looked up to blink slowly at Alana, who was flipping through Hannibal’s file as she sat in the chair outside of his cell. She gave him a glance, looking back to her file as Hannibal translated exactly what it was she said.

Jack went to see Will.

“Did he?” Hannibal looked back to his sketch pad, giving a fond smile to the paper. “I can’t imagine that went well.”

He was drawing Will as he had been on that night in Florence, when Will had taken the knife from Hannibal’s hand in a cold back road and whispered against his lips *will you let me show you what I can do?*

“No, it didn’t.” Alana hummed, closing her file. “He got kicked out.”

Will kicked him out.

“He’s still such a feisty thing,” Hannibal hummed, tilting his head as he drug his charcoal in a delicate arch. Will’s eyes were always the hardest for Hannibal to draw. They were such fragile things--so bright and round and expressive and beautiful.

Hannibal had never been able to find a color that matched that blue perfectly.

“I suppose Jack’s visit was for the Omega case?” Hannibal smudged some charcoal around Will’s eyes. “I heard there was another one last night.”

Alana stayed silent. She wasn’t supposed to speak to Hannibal about Will--just as Frederick Chilton wasn’t supposed to speak to Will about Hannibal.

It had been one of the verdicts in their court case. They couldn’t just throw an Omega in prison--the public backlash would be immediate, and Hannibal wouldn’t have been surprised if the judge had been lynched on the spot--so they had slapped Will with Stockholm Syndrome and put him in Chilton’s little care center while they shipped Hannibal off to Alana’s hospital and sent the children to a remote part of the state.

Abigail was old enough to have legal custody of Mischa and Clarice, and all they had told Hannibal that the three of them were still together.

“I have to leave early,” Alana finally. “Margot was sick this morning.”

“Of course. The care of your wife should always be your first priority.” Hannibal looked up with a smile, leaving too many words unsaid.

Alana swallowed. “Dr. Jane is still coming in for your session.”

“I’ll be on my best behavior.”

If Hannibal’s psychiatrist of the week was still coming in, it had to mean it was time for Jack’s monthly little check up.

Alana looked at him for a while longer. Hannibal met her eyes, waiting for her to break contact first. Alana was a strong Alpha--she hardly ever backed down first, and yet she could never bring herself to look at Hannibal for longer than he looked at her.

She looked away, clutching the file in her hand as she stood. “I’ll see you tomorrow.”

Hannibal smiled as she walked back down the hall and out of sight. Then he looked back to his sketchbook, lifting his hand and his charcoal as he drank in the sharp lines and soft shadows of his husband.

Will had looked like this on their first night together in Florence, and Hannibal remembered every little detail perfectly.

They had first met at the *Uffizi Gallery*--it had been nothing more than a glance and a shared thought of *I see you*. They had met again that night in an empty street of Florence, the music of the night life dancing in the background as Hannibal pushed Will against the wall as a man lay dying at their feet.

Will hadn’t been frightened. He had smiled, tilting his head to expose his neck and letting his lips fall on the edge of Hannibal’s jaw. He had kissed Hannibal slowly, gently, his hands falling on Hannibal’s waist and his wrists. He had been displaying such submissive Omega tendencies, and Hannibal had been so enamored by it that he hadn’t noticed that Will had taken the knife from him until the blade was pressed against Hannibal’s cheek.

“Will you let me show you what I can do?” his voice had been low and soft, and he had drug the blade of the knife across Hannibal’s cheek and kissed him until he couldn’t tell the Omega no.

Hannibal had let Will lead him through the Florence streets that night. He had watched Will with wide eyes and flushed cheeks and with lust and arousal running through his veins as Will gutted a man in a dark and worn down ally.

Will had kissed him again with blood and skin and guts on his hands and lips. Hannibal had drank it all in, falling back against the wall and holding Will close as Will pushed them together as close as he could. They had skirted down the streets with wandering hands and rumpled clothes, and Hannibal couldn’t find it in himself to care if people saw them as he shoved Will against the door to his apartment.

That night, when Hannibal fell to his knees in the kitchen as Will whispered to him in a strange mix of French and English, he fell in love.

Hannibal had started an official courtship a few days later. Will had laughed, told him there wasn't a point to it between kisses and killings, yet he still ate the food Hannibal had made him, accepted the flowers and gifts with flushed cheeks and laughs, let Hannibal dress him and take him to restaurants and parties and concerts, hung off his arms and looked at Hannibal like he was his everything.

Hannibal's peers and teachers had smiled and laughed every time Will was around, whispering to each other *it won't last*.

And yet it had.

They had run off to the States together, bonded and mated and married and they had created everything they could have ever wanted.

It had lasted for 14 years until Jack Crawford had ripped them apart, and even now Hannibal still loved Will with everything he had.

"Is that your boy?"

Hannibal blinked slowly out of his memories, looking up at the man who sat in the cell across from him. He was new. He didn't yet know who Hannibal Graham-Lecter was, what he was capable of. He didn't yet know the dangers of the man in the cell across from him.

"He's awful pretty." The man smiled crookedly at Hannibal. He was missing teeth. "Pretty enough to share, I reckon'."

Hannibal set his sketchbook down, angling it away from this stranger. Then he stood, taking slow steps towards the glass wall of his cell. He stopped a few inches away, clasping his hands behind his back and tilting his head.

"That's quite a rude thing to say."

The man ignored it.

"An Omega, right?" He didn't wait for Hannibal to answer before letting out a low whistle. "He's awful pretty, even for an Omega."

"So you've said."

The man was still looking at the sketches Hannibal had taped to the far wall; sketches of Will and Clarice and Abigail and Mischa and one of Henry--the way Hannibal imagined he would have looked like.

Hannibal liked to think he would have taken after Will, with bright blue eyes and dark unruly hair and a smile just as shy and bright as his husbands.

Hannibal's hands twitched at the thought of the child.

He would slaughter whoever it was that had thought themselves good enough to take him away from this family.

“Who are they?”

Hannibal snapped his head back to the man. He flinched, but didn’t back away.

“My children.” Hannibal answered.

That caused the man to falter, his eyes blinking wide when he finally seemed to notice the ring on Hannibal’s finger. He stepped back from the door to his own cell, twisting his fingers together and looking anywhere that wasn’t at Hannibal. “I didn’t realize you were married.”

“You didn’t realize a lot of things.” Hannibal finally looked away, taking a slow and deliberate step back.

He wanted to go back to his sketching. He wanted to cover his hands with charcoal and get lost in memories and fantasies, and yet--

“Still antagonizing people, I see.”

Hannibal took a deep breath, then slowly let it out. There was a beat of silence, and then,

“I thought we agreed to take the pictures down.”

“I never agreed to such a thing.” Hannibal turned to look at Dr. Collin Jane, a harsh smile on his lips. “You were simply under the impression that I had.”

Dr. Jane, to his credit, didn’t say anything. He frowned as he took the seat Alana had occupied, crossing his leg over his knee and crossing his arms high above his chest. They stared at each other--two Alpha’s, hostile and angry, just teetering on the edge of a dominance fight.

“You can’t keep those up, Hannibal.” Dr. Jane’s voice held the faintest tinge of a growl. “Will Graham has nothing to do with you anymore.”

“Doesn't he?” Hannibal sat in his own chair, setting his sketchbook in his lap. “He is still my husband, and even if he weren't he is still my Mate. We have bonds and ties that you can’t break, Doctor.”

Will had insisted that they married in the south; in Louisiana. Hannibal hadn’t really understood why at the time, but he had indulged the Omega anyway. Now, as he sat in this cell, a state apart from his husband, he understood.

The marriage laws were different in the southern states. They were old fashioned and brutal, but they had worked heavily in Will and Hannibal’s favor. Once an Omega married, there was no way for the marriage to be broken unless prompted by the Alpha. No one could interfere with that, not the state, not the government, and certainly not the slew of psychiatrists that had visited Hannibal over the past two years.

Unless Hannibal signed the piles of papers that Dr. Jane brought him every week, Will would always be his.

Even though they were apart, Will had insured that they would always be together.

“Will will always have something to do with me.” The look Hannibal was giving Dr. Jane was downright brutal. “Whether it be through marriage, our bond, or our children.”

Dr. Jane looked ready to break something. Hannibal only blinked at him before looking back to his sketchbook.

Will hadn’t changed much since Florence. He had grown older, his jawline became a little sharper, his body a little leaner. He had stretch marks now, from his pregnancy with Mischa, but he was still just as lithe, his eyes still just as bright, his smile just as bloody as it had been back then.

Hannibal traced his finger along the lines.

He wanted to show Will this sketch. He wanted to map out the lines and curves and kiss the bone and skin he had drawn. He wanted to hold Will close and tangle them together in silk sheets and whisper sweet nothings until he lost his voice.

As it was, Hannibal could only kiss the paper and tuck it away and hope he could find a way to send it to Will.

“I’m going to tell Dr. Bloom about this.”

“Go right ahead.” Hannibal didn’t bother to look up. “I can not stop you.”

It hadn’t nearly been a hour, but Dr. Jane was already throwing his coat back on and scooting the chair back in his haste to stand. Hannibal still didn’t look up at the flurry of sounds, but when he heard footsteps walking away he paused in his sketching to smile.

“Give Jack my best, doctor.”

The footsteps faltered.

Hannibal smiled to himself, flipping to a new page as the footsteps started again, the pace slightly faster than before.

Chapter End Notes

its a little shorter than usual, but in my defence i had a hard time switching from Will Graham mindset to Hannibal Lecter mindset

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Ever since Jack had come bursting into Will's solitude with all the arrogance of an Alpha determined to get his way, Will found that he couldn't stop thinking about the last time he had seen his family.

It had been in a packed courtroom, the families of Hannibal and Will's hunts watching, thinking that they were allowed to cast judgment on them.

Hannibal had been far away from him, sitting on the other side of the room in restraints, his eyes only ever leaving Will's to glance at their daughters. Abigail had been off to the side, Mischa in her arms and Clarice clinging to her side, looking between Will and Hannibal with wide tear filled eyes. Will himself had been up on the stand, his arms pinned to his sides by the jacket Chilton had put him in, meeting Hannibal's gaze as Chilton rattled off his bullshit.

"Both Will and his daughters are experiencing signs and symptoms of Stockholm Syndrome. It would be best to take them away from Hannibal and sever any and all ties." Chilton was standing in front of the Judge, but his eyes were trained on Will. "We will have to relocate the children, of course, but I will employ some of my best psychiatrists to their care. Agent Crawford will be in charge of the rest."

"And the Omega?"

They had never, not once, called Will by his name. They were too scared to.

"The best thing for Will would be to leave him in my care. We've already started treatment."

"And what does this treatment entail, Doctor?"

This had been the only time during the entire two week long trial that Chilton had faltered. He had looked to the jury, composed almost entirely of Alpha's, then skipped over Will to lock eyes with the judge. "When Will was brought in, he was pregnant. We had to perform an abortion—for both his mental and physical health."

A strangled gasp had left Abigail's throat the same time Hannibal let out a low snarl. Will broke his gaze with Hannibal to look at his eldest, a loud whine leaving his lips in an attempt to pacify and comfort and mourn. He struggled against his restraints, needing to get to Abigail and hold her and comfort her and fall to his knees and let go of all the sorrow he had held in

"Get the Omega out of here!"

Will closed his eyes, and when he opened them again instead of the officer who had taken him from the room that day, Will was met with Hannibal looming over him.

“Why do you torture yourself so, my dear?” Hannibal was still in that god awful jumpsuit, but he had lost his belts and straps and muzzle.

“It’s the only way I can see you.” Will dropped his head on Hannibal’s shoulder. His lungs rattled as he breathed in and out, and when Hannibal had undone the last buckle Will fell against him. “I would rather go through this a hundred times than never see you again.”

Hannibal kissed him then, in that frozen room that lived in Will’s palace.

“There will be a reckoning, Will.” Hannibal hadn’t quite pulled away—his lips were still touching Will’s, his hands tangled in Will’s curls and he held him closer than he ever had. “I will slaughter everyone who dared keep us apart. I will put them on our table for you, let you and our daughters feast on the flesh of those who have wronged us.”

“Soon?”

“Soon.”

Hannibal kissed him again. “I’ll take us to France, to that little cottage by the sea.”

Will smiled, dragging Hannibal into one last kiss.

“I can’t wait.”

Will woke, but didn’t yet open his eyes.

“--e just needs another Alpha in his life.” Will didn’t recognize the voice. “He needs to know what it’s like to be an Omega again.”

“I’m not arguing with you, Collin.” That was Chilton. “But Will is still married. You can not break a bond while the bonded pair is still married. You’ll get thrown in prison.”

There was a beat of silence. “He will sign the papers, Frederick. I’ll force him if I have to.”

“I doubt anyone could force Hannibal Graham-Lecter to do anything.”

Will perked up at the mention of his husband, cracking open his eyes just enough to see the two men standing outside the glass.

“I’ll get Hannibal to do it. Then you can bring an Alpha to Will--”

“And who will this Alpha be?” Will opened his eyes, pushing his body off the wall till he was sitting up on the cot. He brought his arms above his head, arching his back in a long stretch. “You?”

The man standing next to Chilton faltered. He blinked and swallowed, straightening up and puffing his chest out in the typical way and Alpha would when they were trying to show off. He looked Will over, his eyes screaming *mate, beautiful, claim, bond--* “If you’ll have me.”

Will stood. He walked to the glass, stopping just short of the wall. He looked the man up and down, then gave him a lazy smile. “I already have the best of your breed. Why would I downsize?”

The man sputtered.

Will smiled wider, then turned away and went back to his nest.

“Will--” Chilton sounded like he was ready to argue, but he just sighed. “This is Dr. Collin Jane. He’s here to help with some of the other patients.”

That was one of the worst lies Chilton had ever told Will. The only Alpha who worked here was Chilton, the rest were all Betas and Omegas--the regulations of Omega care centers didn’t allow Alpha’s to be anywhere near the patients. Chilton only got away with staying here because he owned the place.

Will leveled a gaze at Chilton, then looked away. He didn’t feel like calling bullshit today.

“Good for him.” Will mumbled, dragging a blanket around his shoulders. He brought Mischa’s blanket to his nose, opening his mouth to better smell the lilac and lemon of Mischa’s scent.

“He’s not pregnant, is he?”

“No, he’s not.” Chilton looked away from Will to Dr. Jane. “We mix heat suppressants and birth control in with his food.”

“Then why is he nesting?” Dr. Jane asked.

“It’s a prolonged Stress Syndrome.” Chilton answered. “Let’s leave him be. Jack will be here soon.”

Will watched them, giving Dr. Jane a sharp smile when he looked back. The Alpha stared at him, then hustled after Chilton.

So Jack was back too.

Wasn’t this going to be a fun day, then.

Will tugged the blankets tighter around him, then fished under his pillow for the album.

He allowed himself a few moments to look at the drawing Hannibal had given him—a family portrait, with them and the girls and Henry, just the way Will imagined him. He let his fingers run over the charcoal lines and words Hannibal had left behind.

Endurant dans la morte. That’s what Hannibal had written to him.

Will smiled, bringing his hand to his lips as he flipped to another page. He landed on the first photo of Abigail they had taken, on the day she had finally come permanently into his and

Hannibal's life. She was smiling in the photo, bright and happy, Winston a blur in the corner and Hannibal looking at Will with a frown in the background.

It had been a candid photo, and Hannibal had never been a fan of Will's candid photos.

Will had always told him *you'll thank me for these one day* as he pressed a kiss to Hannibal's cheek.

He hadn't known that day would come faster than either of them had planned.

"Hey, Will."

Will looked up. Dr. Finch was standing in front of the glass, a pleasant smile on her lips.

"Can I come in?"

"I can't stop you." Will looked back at the photo. He ran his fingers along the photo, then flipped the page. This one had a photo of Clarice and Mischa, and Will brought his hand up to hide his smile as the door buzzed open.

"What are you looking at?" Dr. Finch took a seat at Will's desk. She tried to appear loose and calm, but Will could smell the twinge of fear. This was the third time she had come to see Will, and he had to give her props for not running away like every other psychiatrist had.

"Photos." was all Will gave her.

"Of your children?"

"Of my daughters." Will mumbled, bringing his hand back down to trace the curve of Clarice's cheek. "I had a fourth child. It wouldn't be in my file--Chilton doesn't want people to know."

"*Had?*"

Will looked up. Dr. Finch's face was contorting into a mix of shock and horror. She was an Omega herself, protective of children even if they weren't her own. Just like most Omega's were.

"I was only five weeks. I wanted to name him Henry, if he was a boy." Will snapped the album shut. "Do you remember when I told you about my first doctor?"

Dr. Finch nodded. She looked a little more relaxed--this was what she knew how to do. "You never told me why you did what you did."

Will cocked his head. "He murdered my child, doctor. It's only fair that I would respond in kind."

Her fear came rushing back into her eyes, and Will gave her a sharp smile.

Will knew why she was allowed to come in here alone, with no restraints on Will. She had insisted that it was the best way to act around Will, to go on like he was just another person. It would *hinder his progress* if he were treated differently, treated like the dangerous person that he was.

Will knew this, because it's what Hannibal would have done. What Will didn't know was why Chilton allowed it.

"I only wish I had taken a bigger chunk out of his neck." Will was standing now, but the door buzzed open before he could cross the room. Two of the security officers came in, and Chilton stood in the doorway.

He was still too scared to go in.

"I hate to cut your visit short, Dr. Finch, but I need to speak with Will." Chilton was fixing a steady gaze on Will, and Will looked away with a scowl and stalked off back to his nest.

"Right--right, of course." She gathered her papers and files, shooting Will one last glance before hurrying out the door.

Will watched the door as it closed, then turned to look at that damn glass wall. Dr. Jane and Jack were already there, and Chilton slid up between the two of them. Jack had a file in hand, and he fiddled with it. They all looked agitated with each other, shooting little glares and scowls between them. Three Alpha's in such close proximity was already asking for a fight, but having an Omega right in front of them was almost a guarantee.

Will wondered if they would be able to keep all those instincts under control.

"I'll save you the trouble." Will sat back in his nest, tilting his head as he surveyed the three men. "My answer is no."

Jack bristled. "You don't even know what I'm here for."

"What else would you be here for, Jack?" Will languidly rose, taking long and deliberately slow steps towards the glass. "You need help with a case, and you don't have the ability to solve it without using your favorite tool."

There was a beat of silence.

"I have seven dead Omega's, Will, and no leads."

"I don't give a shit." Will narrowed his eyes.

"Will, please." This time it was Chilton that spoke, and Will snapped his head to look at him. "Two of the Omega's were caretakers here, surly that must--"

"I don't care who they are." Will took a step back, turning around and walking back to his nest. "I have no obligations to you, not after what you did."

Chilton scowled. "What we did was for your own good--"

“My own good?” Will whirled back around. His teeth were bared, his hackles raised; he marched back over to the glass, slamming his fist hard enough to make the Plexiglas shudder. “You took my mate away from me and put him on the other side of the state, put my daughters in witness protection and refuse to tell me where they are, forced me to go back on suppressants and an unholy concoction of crazy pills, stuck me in solitary confinement, forced me into an abortion—“

Will’s knuckles were bleeding. Dr. Jane took a step back.

“How was any of it *for my own good?*”

They were all staring at Will, eyes wide and silent and the sharp tang of fear mixing in with their scents.

Will growled and let his hand drop to his side. He left a smear of blood behind. “You all can go fuck yourselves.”

“What do you want, Will?”

“What?” Will was caught off guard by the question.

Chilton sighed. “If you help Jack, I’ll give you a better cell--or food or more books or--or whatever you want--”

“Let me see my daughters.” Will cut him off. He let his aggression fade out, letting just a little bit of a whine into his voice. “Let me see them and I’ll look at Jack’s stupid file.”

Chilton scowled. “Will I can’t--”

“I’ll make it happen.” Jack spoke over Chilton.

“Jack!”

“Just let him see his children, Frederick.” this time Dr. Jane spoke, turning to look at Chilton. “He’s still an Omega, keeping him from his children is only making him worse.”

Will watched with delight as the three Alpha’s argued in front of him.

“Fine!” Chilton all but shouted. “Give Will the file, then I’ll arrange for his children to come in.”

“No. Let me see them first.” Will was back in front of the glass. He let his hand fall on the wall, letting just a bit more of a whine into his voice. It wouldn’t hurt to play them up a bit more. “Please.”

The three Alpha’s in front of him went silent, looking at Will with pity.

“I’ll arrange for them to be here at the end of the week.” Jack spoke softly, and Will let a little bit of a smile tug at his lips.

“Thank you.”

Finally, Will was getting somewhere.

Chapter End Notes

Will is being especially snarky today

every time I work on this I always think of 'Our Love is God' from the Heather's musical

((i really want a long hannigram fic to read, but I can't find one that I haven't already read, so if any of yall have any rec's please hit me up))

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Do you want some juice?” Abigail signed it as she spoke, lifting Mischa up onto the kitchen counter. Mischa nodded, signing a clumsy *apple* back.

“Sure thing, Mi.” Abigail ruffled her curls, an ashy blond like Hannibal’s. Mischa gave her a toothy smile, kicking her legs back and forth. Abigail smiled back, pulling open the fridge to grab the jug of juice. She hesitated for a moment, then grabbed a Sprite for her and a Mountain Dew for Clarice.

Hannibal would hate that they were drinking soda. Will would laugh at it, then grab his own soda just to irk Hannibal more.

Abigail shook her head, pushing the fridge door shut with her hip.

There wasn’t any need to go down that road this morning. They had a nice house and Jack always made sure they had everything they needed. The house was on the other side of the state in Wolf Trap, but it was a nice house nonetheless. Abigail had tried her best to make it more homely, but it always seemed to stay dark and cold no matter what she did.

Abigail sighed, taking a plastic cup out of the cupboard and pouring the juice.

“There ya go, Mi.” Abigail signed as she spoke, pressing a kiss to Mischa’s cheek.

Mischa smiled and kissed Abigail’s cheek sloppily. Abigail ruffled her hair again, then moved to the pantry to refill Winston’s food.

It had taken Abigail a few weeks to get Winston to eat properly again. He didn’t have Will’s homemade food anymore--just the store bought bagged stuff--and Abigail couldn’t replicate Will’s recipe. So Abigail had bought the best dog food she could, coaxing Winston into eating it with treats and belly rubs and kisses.

It had taken all of them a long time to adjust to their new diet.

Abigail set Winston’s bowl back on his mat, then went about pulling out bread and meat for sandwiches for an early lunch. It was grocery shopping day, and Abigail refused to leave Clarice and Mischa here when she went out.

“What do you want on your sandwich, Mi?”

Mischa set down her juice to sign *peanut* and *jelly*.

Abigail moved to another cupboard to pull out the requested ingredients, cracking open her and Clarice’s sodas on the way. Clarice had run upstairs to get dressed about ten minutes ago,

and almost as if she could hear the cracking on the soda can she came running into the kitchen and crashing into Abigail's side, Winston fast behind her.

"Whoa, hey, what's up?"

"*He's* here." Clarice whispered it, digging her hands into Abigail's cardigan.

Abigail blinked, then understanding washed over her.

"Can you make Mi's sandwich for me, baby?" Abigail lowered her own voice, giving Clarice a soft smile. "I'll go talk to him."

Clarice nodded.

"Thank you." Abigail kissed the top of Clarice's head, scratched behind Winston's ears, then stood and went to the living room.

She could see Jack standing outside on the porch through the glass window on the door. Abigail took a deep breath and let her shoulders drop, then opened the door. The autumn wind came sweeping into the house, and Abigail shivered and wrapped her cardigan tighter around her.

"You're early, Jack."

"May I come in, Abigail?"

Abigail frowned, but stepped to the side.

Jack stepped in, closing the door behind him. He looked around the living room, taking it all in. Not a lot had changed since he had last been here--there was a new drawing on the fireplace mantle that Mischa had done and a new candle that Abigail had bought as an indulgence, but everything else still remained the same.

Still dark and still cold.

"You just saw us last week, Jack." Abigail stepped a little closer to the kitchen hallway.

"Why are you here?"

Jack was silent for a moment, his eyes falling on Mischa's drawing. It was crude--clearly done by a three year old, but you could still tell it was a family portrait of five.

"No one has stopped by, have they?" Jack asked, tearing his eyes away from the drawing.

Abigail narrowed her eyes. Jack was avoiding the question. "I'm a Beta. He isn't going to come after me. And Mischa is too young."

She hadn't bothered to look up the name Freddie Lounds had given Jack's new serial killer of the month.

Jack stayed silent.

“Your father asked to see you.” He looked at Abigail. “Will asked.”

Abigail blinked. “Dad always asks to see us.”

“Dr. Chilton is allowing it for today.” Jack looked away. “How soon can you be ready?”

Abigail’s eyes were wide, and she blinked several times as Jack’s words sunk in. “We get to see Dad?”

“Just for the day.” Jack nodded.

Abigail stared at him, then sputtered out something before dashing into the kitchen. Clarice had jumped up onto the counter with Mischa, and they were both eating the sandwich and giving pieces of it to Winston. Clarice at least had the grace to look guilty when she spotted Abigail, but that guilt quickly morphed into confusion.

“Abbie, what’s--?”

“We’re going to see Dad today.”

Clarice's eyes widen to a comical level. “We get to see Daddy?”

Abigail nodded, helping Clarice down from the counter. “Get your coat and boots on, baby.”

Clarice jumped from the counter and ran to the coat rack they had in the kitchen, shoving her feet into her boots and tugging her coat off the hook. Abigail helped Mischa into her coat and boots, slipping a hat on over her ears. Then she put her own coat on, taking Mischa’s hand and letting her hand fall on Clarice’s shoulders as they went back to the living room.

Winston followed them, and he let out a low growl when he saw Jack. Clarice turned around to soothe the dog, running her hands along his flank and mumbling the things that Will had always said to calm down all the strays he snuck into the house.

“Hello, Clarice.”

Clarice ignored Jack, hiding behind Abigail and staying close to Winston.

Jack frowned, then looked back to Abigail. “Ready?”

Abigail nodded, scooping up Mischa and holding out her hand for Clarice. Clarice gave Winston one last scratch and kissed the top of his head, then she took Abigail’s hand and kept behind her as Jack lead them out to his car.

Jack didn’t have a booster seat, and Abigail was in too much of a rush to take the one out of her truck, so she set Mischa in her lap and let Clarice squish up against her side in the back seat.

Jack told Abigail what she could and couldn’t say to Will while Clarice and Mischa signed back and forth at each other--Abigail wasn’t keeping up with the conversation, but she caught something about dogs and mice--but for the most part the hour long car ride remain silent.

When they started the drive up the long winding road with the Omega Care Center looming up ahead, Abigail held Mischa close.

She knew her sister would never end up here--both her and her fathers would never allow it--but she couldn't shake the fear that Jack or Dr. Chilton would rip her from her hands and take her away with the claim *It's the best thing for her*.

Just like they did with Will.

"Are you alright, Abigail?"

Abigail looked up at Jack. The car was parked, and he was looking back at her with concern, one hand on the door handle and the other on the keys.

"I-Yeah, I'm fine." Abigail shook her head, taking one hand off of Mischa to open the door. "Hold my hand, Clarice, okay?"

Clarice nodded, climbing out after Abigail and squeezing her hand much too tightly.

Abigail squeezed back, holding Mischa close.

Jack looked at them with something akin to pity, and Abigail had to bite her lip to stop herself from snarling at him. He didn't get to do that, not after everything he did, not after all the money and support he claimed to give them when all he did was give access to Hannibal's accounts and stuffed them in a cabin in the middle of nowhere--

"Ready?" Jack asked.

Abigail nodded. She didn't trust herself to speak.

They followed Jack into the building and into the lobby. It was a tightly built space--the whole building was. Abigail knew it was designed that way to provide some comfort to Omegas, who were known to enjoy the confines of small spaces.

As it was, it just made Abigail uncomfortable.

"We'll wait here for Dr. Chilton." Jack gestured for them to sit, but Abigail remained standing.

They didn't have to wait long. Dr. Chilton and a nurse came storming in a few minutes after Jack sat, his face contorted in anger, his stance ridged and his scent giving off waves of agitation. Abigail shrank back, tucking Clarice behind her to keep her away from the older Alpha.

"I went to a lot of trouble for you three." Dr. Chilton was seething.

"Doctor--" Jack stood, stepping between Abigail and Dr. Chilton. "Don't take it out on them."

Jack's Alpha instincts must have kicked in. He was acting like an Alpha protecting its family, and Abigail couldn't quite keep the scowl off her face.

He had never seemed to understand that that wasn't his place to fill.

There was a tense moment of silence between Jack and Dr. Chilton. Both Alpha's had their hackles raised, shoulders tense and lips pulled into a scowl. Abigail had a brief moment of panic that they would break into a fight, and she pulled Mischa and Clarice closer to her just as Dr. Chilton backed down.

"Sam will take you back." Dr. Chilton jerked his head towards the nurse, who gave Abigail a calming smile. "Agent Crawford, if you could come with me?"

Abigail never got to see if Jack went with Dr. Chilton, because the Beta nurse was leading them through the locked doors and into the back before anything else could be exchanged between the two Alphas.

--

"I really do hate seeing you like this, Will." Matthew was gentle as he undid the buckles on Will's jacket, freeing his arms from around his waist. "It would be so much easier if you would just eat."

"I really don't care what you do and don't like." Will jerked away from Matthew, stretching his arms above his head to work out the kinks. He swallowed down the soreness in his throat, refusing to let Matthew see just how much the force feeding really was affecting him.

Matthew frowned. "Will, I care about you. I know if you just--"

"Matthew I swear to God--" Will stopped. He blinked, scenting the air as the familiar tang of lavender hit his nose. Then he smelled lemon and lilac, then cedar and wood and rain, and when he turned his head to look at the door he saw Abigail through the glass window.

Will whipped around, then the door was buzzing open and Clarice came running in.

"Daddy!" she tackled Will back onto the cot, wrapping her arms around his waist and digging her head in his shoulder.

"Clarice!" Will held her close, pulling her to his chest and pressing kisses to her cheeks and temple. Her frame starting shaking, and Will curled up in his blankets and pillows, stroking Clarice's hair as she started crying. "It's okay, little lamb, its okay--"

Will's breath hitched and his eyes started to water.

"Dad?"

Will looked up. Abigail was standing in the doorway, holding Mischa against her chest.

“Abigail, *tesoro*--” Will’s eyes snapped to Matthew. He was still in the room, looking at Will the same way Hannibal did when he first saw Will with Abigail. “Get out.”

Matthew blinked. “Will--”

“Get the fuck out before I make you.”

Matthew swallowed, then scampered out of the room. The door closed softly behind him, then Will was sitting up, keeping Clarice against his side as Abigail came over to him. She fell against him, letting Mischa crawl to Will’s lap as she wrapped her arms around Will’s neck and let out a choked up sob.

Will ran his hand over her hair, pulling her into his side, scenting her to make sure she was okay, that she was alive that she was really *here*--

Will pulled them back into the nest, grabbing blankets and wrapping them all up. He couldn’t stop touching and and scenting them, and he kept pulling them closer until Clarice was poking her head out of the blankets and Mischa was slapping her palm against Will’s cheek.

“Hello, *ma bichette*,” Will gave a wet laugh, and he dropped his head down to bump her forehead.

Mischa gave a bright smile, bringing up her other hand to place on Will’s other cheek and hold him there.

“I’ve been teaching her sign language.” Abigail’s voice wavered, and Will felt tears soak in the fabric on his shoulder. “She’s picking it up really fast.”

“I always said you were a clever little girl.” Will kissed Mischa’s nose. Her mouth opened wide in a smile, eyes crinkling with silent laughter. Then she wrapped her arms around Will’s neck, placing her head against his chest, right above his heart.

Will couldn’t pretend he wasn’t crying anymore.

“And I’ve been homeschooling Clarice,” Abigail swallowed. “We’re not allowed to--to really go out and I don’t want Clarice to not--”

Abigail broke off, and Will kissed her temple and let his hand run up and down her arm. “I’m so proud of you, Abigail. So, so proud.”

Abigail sniffed, clinging just a little tighter to Will.

They stayed like that, curled up in Will’s nest and holding each other, waiting for the tears to pass and the hiccups and gasps to fade. When Will could breath right, when his throat lost some of the tightness and his eyes were almost dry he softly asked “Do you have--do you have everything you need?”

“Jack gave us access to Papa’s accounts.” Abigail’s reply was slow. “And--we have a cabin up north. And we kept Winston.”

It wasn’t really an answer to his question.

“At least he didn’t leave you with nothing.” Will mumbled, adjusting Mischa on his lap. He would have thought that after two years she would be weary of him, but it seemed like she never really forgot Will.

“Daddy, are you ever gonna come back?” Clarice’s voice was so soft, and Will felt his throat tighten again as he leaned down to kiss the top of her head.

“Of course I will, little lamb.”

“Will it be soon?” Clarice was blinking quickly, her fingers twisting in the fabric of Will’s shirt. “Cuz I really miss you.”

“Yeah,” Will let his voice drop, to quiet for the camera’s to pick up, a soft purr coming from the back of his throat. “I’ll be home soon, and then I’ll make Papa take us to France.”

“But I don’t know any French.” Clarice lifted her head off of Will’s shoulder.

“Me and Papa will teach you.” Will kissed her temple, and Clarice dropped back onto Will’s shoulder, satisfied with his answer.

“France?” Abigail asked.

“We went a few months before we adopted you. We were in *Saint-Jean-Cap-Ferrat*, just outside of town.” It felt good to let the French roll off his tongue, but he still kept his voice quiet, not wanting anyone to listen. “There was a cottage there, right by the sea. Hannibal bought it before I could stop him, but he always promised me we would go back, that we would take you three to see it.”

“That’s where we’ll go, then?”

“Yes.” Will tucked Abigail’s head in the crook of his neck and shoulder. “That’s where we’ll go.”

--

Will was only given a few hours, and when it was time for his daughters to go he let them leave without too much of a fight. He hugged them as tightly as he could, kissing their cheeks until Clarice was batting him away and singing goodbye to Mischa, which Abigail had showed him how to do.

He knew he would see them again soon, so when one of the nurses lead them out and Jack handed him the case file he did so willingly.

Will opened the file, eyes skimming over the meager information and photos.

A male in his late thirties, most likely a Beta, fed up with the special treatment Omega's got, raping and killing them to show that they weren't special. It was an easy case, an easy profile, and Will was surprised that all Jack had was an age.

“Well?”

Will looked up at Jack. He blinked once, then dropped the file to the floor.

“Will--!”

“I said I would look at it. I never said I would tell you anything about it.” Will turned on his heel, falling back into his nest, bringing in the blankets to his nose and breathing in the scent of his children.

He ignored Jack until they had to bring someone to escort him out.

Chapter End Notes

i've been aggressively listening to Hamilton for the past three weeks, which is terrible for writing murder husbands but I can't get it out of my head so, here we are

((i started listening to Dear Theodosia and It's Quiet Uptown when I was writing the last little bit and now i'm sobbing))

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Will hadn't thought of his wedding in a long time. He saw no need to—it had been just another day in his life, it wasn't as special to him as that first night in Florence had been.

But today he found himself unable to stop thinking of it.

“We got married a year ago.” Will took a slow sip from his coffee mug as he watched Hannibal fuss around the stove, already knowing he was going to agree with whatever half cocked elaborate plan Hannibal had. “Don't you think it's a little late for the ceremony?”

As soon as their plane had landed back in New Orleans, Will dragged Hannibal to the nearest courthouse to fill out all the legalities of bonding and marriage. They had to jump through several hoops—Will was still technically underage, as the laws in Louisiana states that an Omega had to be twenty one to marry without the parents consent. Will's father, in a rather tragic accident involving a fillet knife, had passed, so Will was left to seek the consent of Jack Crawford, his—for all intents and purposes—father.

Jack was hesitant, as always, but Will was never one to shy away from using his Omega traits to manipulate.

All it took was one tearful phone call on the plane back and the papers were already waiting for them when they landed.

“It's never to late, my sweet William.” Hannibal covered the pan he was cooking in, turning to Will with a disgustingly fond smile on his lips. “And I want you to have the best things that life can offer you.”

“You just want to show me off to all your Alpha co-workers.”

Hannibal neither confirmed nor denied it, instead circling around the kitchen island till he was standing behind Will. He wrapped his arms around his waist, pulling him against his chest and leaning down to press soft kisses to Will's neck. Will hummed, letting one hand fall off the mug so he could run his fingers through Hannibal's hair.

“What exactly did you have in mind, darlin'?”

“I would take you back to Florence, if you would let me.” Hannibal nosed along his neck till he was gently mouthing along Will's jaw. “Dress you in silks and jewels and show you off to everyone who doubted us.”

Will caught Hannibal's chin in his fingers. He held Hannibal steady, tilting his own head back to let his lips ghost along Hannibal's skin. “While I would love to go back to Florence,

you're in the middle of your residency and I'm about to start my second year at the academy. We can't really afford to drop everything right now."

"Then I'll take you to a cathedral here. Anywhere you wish to go, I'll take you."

Will smiled, moving his hand to run the pads of his fingers along Hannibal's cheek. He didn't need a ceremony—he had the papers and the mark on his neck and a gold and diamond ring on his finger; and that was all he would ever need—but he knew his husband enjoyed peacocking to his colleges and acquaintances, and he knew Hannibal particularly liked to show off Will.

And Will would be lying if he said he didn't enjoy it.

A part of him liked to play the pretty and needy Omega. He liked to hang off Hannibal's arm and let him do the talking, dressed in silk suits and golden watches and pearl necklaces. He liked to show people that he had managed to keep this strong, handsome and wealthy Alpha all to himself.

"I guess you'd better start planing then, darlin'." Will pressed a wet kiss to Hannibal's cheek, sauntering out of his arms and around the kitchen island. He took another sip of coffee, shooting Hannibal a look from over the rim of the mug.

Will hardly had time to set the mug down before Hannibal was back on him and pressing him against the granite with wandering hands and a very insistent mouth.

Their breakfast had burned, but neither one of them minded.

"Will?"

Will blinked, the memories fading as he snapped his head to look out the glass wall.

"What do you want?"

Matthew was standing outside Will's cell, twiddling his thumbs as he rocked back and forth on his heels. Will had seen him only a few hours ago—his throat still raw from the encounter.

"I want to talk to you." Matthew was looking at him, unblinking.

"Do you?" Will asked, twisting his ring around his finger.

"Yes." Matthew stepped closer until he was right against the glass. He couldn't come in the cell—Chilton was the only one able to buzz open the door. "We don't really get to talk."

Will narrowed his eyes. *"I wonder why."*

"Please, Will." Matthew pressed a hand to the glass. "Just let me—"

Will closed his eyes again, slipping back into his memories.

Will would deny it to everyone but his daughters, but when he saw Hannibal waiting for him up at the altar with a smile full of love and fondness and a suit so blood red it looked black he felt the air leave his lungs.

He was dumbstruck, and he found himself almost wondering how he managed to marry this man, how Hannibal Graham-Lecter was his.

Will took his time walking down the aisle—Hannibal deserved it, for insisting they follow tradition and keep apart the day before. And yet when Will reached Hannibal he held his hand, giving him a soft smile and unable to let go.

The ceremony itself had been brief, and while all their guests had spilled out of the church to go to the reception hall, Will and Hannibal had stayed back.

They had stood on the altar long after everyone left, breathing each other in.

“You look beautiful, my dear.” Hannibal let the back of his hand ghost down Will’s cheek, letting his other hand fall on Will’s hip.

“Do I?” Will pushed himself closer. His suit was made of silk—just like Hannibal had promised, a soft white that seemed to make him glow.

“You do.” Hannibal answered, leaning down to press a kiss to Will’s lips.

Will hummed. “You look pretty hot, too.”

Hannibal did not roll his eyes, but if he were the type of person to do so he would have. As it was he just kissed Will again, then again and again and again.

“We’re going to see each other soon.” Will mumbled it against Hannibal’s lips. “Jack can’t really say no to me.”

“I have always trusted you, mylimasis. I know you will bring our family together again.”

“You just have to wait a little longer.” Will let his hands fall on Hannibal’s cheeks. Hannibal sighed fondly, bringing his own hands up to lay atop Will’s.

“I will wait for an eternity, if I must.”

Hannibal kissed him one last time, and then Will opened his eyes.

He wasn’t in the least bit surprised to see Jack standing outside his cell.

“What are you thinking about?” Jack’s voice was soft, full of longing and pity.

Will closed his eyes again. “My wedding.”

He opened them again, and Jack was looking at Will with too much regret. “I wish I had never signed those papers.”

“I would have married him either way, with or without your consent.” Will pulled his leg to his chest, letting his arm rest on his knee. “And you got your grandchildren you always wanted.”

“Will, he manipulated you—“

“No, no he didn’t.” Will looked away. “He fell in love with me, and I asked him to run away to the states with me because I fell in love with him. I would kill you to keep him by my side.”

Jack took a step back. “Will, that’s not—“

“You were my guardian, Jack. The person in charge of the reckless Omega and the holder of my release papers. Not my Father.” Will turned back to Jack, his eyes narrowing. “You hadn’t been back then, and you haven’t been now.”

Will locked eyes with Jack. “You were a means to an end, Jack. That’s all you’ve ever been. Just like I am to you.”

“Will, I took you in because I care about you, not because your father asked me to, and not because of your empathy.” Jack looked incredibly pained. “I care about you and I always have.”

“No you don’t.” Will looked away. He pulled a pillow close to his chest, holding it tight. Two weeks had passed, but it still smelled faintly of Clarice. “If you cared about me you wouldn’t have thrown me in here.”

A tense silence fell between them.

“I put you in here because it was the only way I could help you.” Jack stepped a little bit closer to the glass, his voice just above a whisper.

Will held the pillow closer to him, bringing his knees up to his chest. “You know, people always think that I did what I did because my Alpha made me. They can’t even fathom that an Omega would think to kill outside of self defense, that they would derive pleasure from it. Omega’s are the nurturers, the care providers, the soft people of the world. Never killers.”

He looked up at Jack. “They never seem to realize that I’m just as fucked up as he is.”

“Will you didn’t do those things--”

“I killed my father, did you know that?” Will cut him off. “I took his favorite fillet knife and jammed it in his gut. I waited till he finished bleeding out, then ran to the police crying about an accident. I did it for no other reason than to see if I could get away with it.”

Will looked back at Jack. “Turns out that I could.”

“You were only sixteen when your father died.” Will watched in delight as horror slowly bloomed across Jack’s face.

“I was, wasn’t I?” Will hummed. “And then you and Bella came to New Orleans to look after the young Omega who just lost his father to a tragic accident, all while working a brand new serial murder case that started just after you showed up.”

“You—“

“You never did solve that case, did you? But it didn’t really matter, because the bodies stopped showing up after I left for Florence and you went back to Quantico.” Will looked away from Jack, pulling the album out from underneath his pillows. A final dismissal. “There’s nothing of me for you fix Jack, so stop trying.”

—

“I take it things didn’t go well?” Frederick couldn’t quite keep the smile the smile off his face as Jack came storming out from Will’s cell. Fortunately he managed to school it into something more like pity before the other Alpha noticed.

“No, it didn’t.” Jack didn’t seem like he was all there. He was staring at the wall, and Frederick was half tempted to snap his fingers to get his attention when Jack snapped out of it. “I need you to talk to him.

Frederick blinked slowly. “If Will doesn’t want to say anything I can’t make him—“

“Just try.” Jack snapped it out. “Dr. Chilton, it’s been almost two weeks and the number of dead Omega’s just keeps rising. I *need* Will’s help.”

Frederick frowned to keep himself from baring his teeth. Jack had no right to act this way-- this was Frederick’s territory, Jack didn’t get to be aggressive with him here, didn’t get to bare his teeth and get ready for a dominance fight--

Frederick took a deep breath to real the Alpha in.

“I can try, but I can’t guarantee anything. He hates me almost as much as he hates you.”

That comment seemed to sting Jack. His eyes widened, and he looked down to the floor, shoving his hands in his pockets. “I don’t know where I went wrong.”

“Fathering someone isn’t an easy task, especially when that someone already had a Father.” Frederick put a hand on his shoulder in a mock attempt at comfort. “Wait here. I’ll speak to him.”

Frederick left the office, closing the door behind him as he went back into the hall that housed Will’s cell.

“So Jack sent you.” Will looked up momentarily to glance Frederick over, then looked back to the photo album. He was letting his fingers trail down a photograph, but he had the book

tilted in a way that Frederick couldn't see it. "How badly did I shake him up?"

Frederick didn't respond to Will's jab.

"Do you really care so little for these deaths?" he asked instead. "The body count is up to thirteen now, did you know that?"

"Impressive." Will tucked something in between the film of the album before flipping the page. "Broke pattern then, has he?"

Frederick bit his cheek at being dismissed so easily.

"Agent Crawford needs your help--"

"And I have no desire to give it to him."

"But you're an Omega, surly that must spark some instinct in you!" Frederick snapped it out before he could think better of it.

Will hummed. "Do you know what Omega's are known for? What their most primal instinct is?"

"To protect." Frederick answered without hesitation.

"So you *do* know something." Frederick opened his mouth to retort, but Will kept on.

"Omega's have been known to kill to protect their families from threats."

"Yes, they have." Frederick spoke slowly. He didn't know where Will was coming from, where he was going. "But it's a rarity."

"But not so rare that it's unheard of."

Will finally looked up. He closed the album and tucked it back underneath his pillow, rising slowly from his bed. He took long strides towards the glass, stopping just a few inches away. His eyes were filled with something Frederick hadn't seen since Will first arrived, when he ripped a man's throat out and swallowed it whole.

Frederick swallowed and took a step back.

"You want me to appeal to my Omega instincts, then I will." Will placed his hand on the glass, his eyes narrowing and lips splitting into a growl. "You took my family away from me. You brought harm and suffering down on them without a single regret. All I see you as is a threat, and when I get out of here I will rip your spine from your throat and make you watch with your last moments as life as I suck the marrow from the bone as your repentance."

Frederick's eyes widened.

"I will make your death quick, but I will make you suffer through pain more excruciating than what you put me through."

Frederick was stunned to a silence.

Will's eyes bore into him, and Frederick couldn't make himself look away. He stared at Will, and just as he was about to turn tail and run Jack came back in.

"What do you want, Will?" he sounded broken.

"Are we making this deal again?" Will broke his contact with Frederick to look at Jack with a sharp smile. "It didn't work out too well in your favor, last time."

"Tell me what you want, and I promise to get you whatever it is you want as long as you agree to consult on this case. Just like you used to."

"Jack!" Frederick hissed it out, finally breaking out of his trance. "You cannot--"

"Twenty four hours with Hannibal, just like what I was given with my daughters. No one watching, both of us in this cell." Will was quick to cut Frederick off. "That's all I want, Jack."

"Absolutely not--!"

"Done."

Frederick rounded on Jack. His hand shot out, gripping Jack's arm in what was sure to be a painful hold. "What the hell do you think you're doing?"

"It doesn't matter anymore, doctor." Jack ripped his out of Frederick's grip. "Just let him see Hannibal so we can close this case and be done with it."

Jack stormed off, leaving Frederick with a grinning Omega.

"Ask him why it doesn't matter anymore." Will looked absolutely delighted. "I'm sure you'll find the answer *fascinating*."

Frederick bared his teeth at Will in a growl, then stomped off after Jack.

Chapter End Notes

don't know why i struggled with this one so much, but here we are

shits about to go down, my friends

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Hannibal didn't fight Alana's security measures.

He let the guards swarm into his cell. He let them man handle him into the straight jacket, let them fit the mask over his mouth and nose, let them march him through the corridors like a circus act on display, let them strap him down tight enough to cut off his circulation.

He even let Dr. Jane sneer at him as they loaded him into the prison transportation van.

"You only get twenty four hours Lecter." Dr. Jane's grip on the door was tight enough that his knuckles were white. "So make it count, because you won't see him again after this."

Hannibal just gave him a pleasant smile though the clear plastic on the mask.

Dr. Jane growled, and Hannibal delighted in the defensive position the other Alpha took.

Then the door to the truck slammed shut, and Hannibal was left strapped down to the seat with the four other guards Alana had put them with. Hannibal looked at each of them in turn, closing his eyes as the sharp tang of fear filled the small space, slipping away into time and the seaside breeze.

"I can't believe you actually took me to France."

"I would take you anywhere you asked, my dear." Hannibal let his thumb rub circles across the back of Will's hand, taking his eyes off the sea to look at Will. "And you need time to recover."

"So you take me to France." Will was smiling, leaning closer into Hannibal's side.

"The further away from Jack, the better." Hannibal's hands still itched to wrap around Jack's neck. He had pushed Will into these sleepless nights and nightmares, refusing to see the sickness and fever until Hannibal had pulled a sobbing Will away from him and whisked him away to the safety of home, then to the hospital.

Will huffed out a laugh.

"My mother always wanted to come back here." Will's voice was soft, and he looked away from the sea, smiling softly as he met Hannibal's eyes. "She wanted me to see the town she grew up in, but she died before it could ever happen."

"But you're here now." Hannibal turned so he was facing Will, lifting his hand to let it ghost down Will's cheek.

The Omega had truly flourished here, in this tiny little town on the coast of France. He delighted in speaking the language and Hannibal delighted in hearing it. Will had always been more comfortable speaking in French than English, and being able to speak the language outside of their home truly was a wonderful experience for them both. The fresh air was good for Will as well, and with the encephalitis gone Hannibal's husband was slowly recovering and coming back to his own again.

Will leaned into Hannibal's touch, giving a soft sigh. "I wish we could stay here."

"We could, if you truly wanted to."

"You and I both know we can't do that." Will nuzzled against Hannibal's hand. "I can't--I can't just leave Abigail."

Hannibal felt his breath hitch. "You truly want to adopt her?"

They had talked about it briefly, after she had woken and Will had finally washed the blood from his hands. Omegan instincts were a strange thing, and Hannibal had watched in wonder as Will took to caring for the young Beta like his own.

But then the illness came, and thoughts of Abigail were pushed away as Hannibal waited night after night in a cold hospital room for Will to wake.

"Yeah, I--I want to give her a good life, and now that I'm not--" Will broke off, his hand tightening on Hannibal's. "Of course, if you're not--"

"You know I've always wanted children, mylimasis." Hannibal couldn't quite seem to stop smiling. "I will not love her any less because we do not share the same blood."

Will was looking at him, blinking slowly. "You already love her."

It was not a question.

"As do you, dear Will." Hannibal kissed him, pulling him close. Will sighed, bringing his arms up to drape over Hannibal's shoulders. He tilted his head back as Hannibal pulled away, letting him nose along his claim mark and breath in the muted smells of cedar and fresh river water.

The sweet hotness of the fever was gone.

"We'll have to talk to her, when we get back." Will mumbled.

"Yes," Hannibal kissed his neck. "But for now, let us head back before you catch cold."

"It's not even that cold out, Hannibal." As if to prove his point a shiver raced down Will's spine, causing him to shake in Hannibal's arms.

Hannibal smiled, pressing another soft kiss to Will's skin before gently leading him back down the worn down boardwalk.

They didn't get very far before Will stopped, their laced fingers keeping Hannibal from going further.

"What is it?"

"Nothing, I just..." Hannibal followed Will's line of sight. He was looking at a little cottage, resting just on the edge of the beach. "...nothing, it's nothing."

Hannibal blinked once, then looked back to Will. "I can purchase it, if you wish."

"What? No, its--" Will looked back at him, his cheeks a pleasant shade of pink. "We're not going to come back here--"

"Your mother may not have been able to take you back, but you can take your own children here."

Will snapped his mouth shut. He looked back to the cottage, then to Hannibal, then to the cottage again. "I can't stop you, can I?"

Hannibal smiled. "Never, my dear."

Hannibal opened his eyes as the truck stopped.

Two of the guards grabbed his arms as the other two undid the buckles and straps, then they were hauling him to his feet and pushing him out of the truck.

Hannibal could forgive the rough handling, for now.

The sun was bright over head, and Hannibal narrowed his eyes as he looked to the building. They were in the back, and Frederick was outside already, not trying in the least to hide his fury.

"Get him inside." he snapped, throwing open the back door.

Hannibal gave him a sharp smile as he was marched past. Frederick stiffened, quickly looking away.

"Is dear Uncle Jack here as well?" Hannibal asked.

Frederick scowled, slamming the door closed behind him as he followed Hannibal and his entourage down the corridor. "And? If he is?"

Hannibal looked away from Frederick. "It's only a simple curiosity, Frederick."

He could hear Frederick's steps falter before picking up again.

"It's none of your goddamn business, Lecter."

Hannibal hummed, but didn't press the issue. He let himself be jerked and dragged through the halls and corridors, hands twitching in the straight jacket as the scent of cedar and river

water grew closer and closer.

Then they stopped in front of a door, and Hannibal swallowed and took a deep breath.

“Twenty four hours.” Frederick spat it out like a threat. He punched some numbers in on a keypad--649013--pushed down another button, and the click of a lock opening echoed in the hall.

They didn’t take either the mask or the jacket off. They just pushed him in the room, hurriedly closing the door behind them.

Will was lounging on the bed, the album Alana had given him open and resting on his lap. He looked up with a scowl, then his eyes widened, and he threw the album down on the bed as he untangled himself from blankets and sheets.

“Hannibal--!” his voice was hoarse.

Hannibal took a step towards him, and then Will was crashing into him, his hands shaking as they fumbled with the buckles of the mask.

It clattered by their feet as Will yanked it off and pressed his palms to Hannibal’s cheeks, and then he was kissing him with as much fever and desire as that night in Florence. Hannibal pushed himself into it, biting Will’s lip and tasting him and breathing him in and doing everything he could to keep him close take him in all over again.

When Will pulled away his cheeks were flush, his eyes wide and bright.

“Oh, shit—let me get that off—“

Will worked on the buckles of the jacket, and as soon as Hannibal’s arms were free he was wrapping them around Will and pulling him in for another bruising kiss.

It had been far, *far* too long.

Will moaned, arching his back as he pressed himself flush to Hannibal’s chest. His hands dropped to Hannibal’s wrists, and he didn’t once break the kiss as he peeled the jacket off. He let that fall to the floor too, kicking it aside as he pressed himself up against Hannibal again. Hannibal let one hand fall to Will’s hip while the other brushed up under his shirt and over his skin, and Hannibal pulled away as he felt the new scar tissue.

Hannibal growled, and Will pushed his nose into the junction of his neck and shoulder.

“He’s dead, Hannibal.” Will’s voice sounded so weak. “I ripped his throat out.”

A low growl was stuck at the back of Hannibal’s throat as he let his hand wander across ribs and new scars.

“What have they done to you, my love?”

Will looked up. “Nothing I won’t do to them.”

Then Will was kissing him again, digging his fingers in the fabric of Hannibal's shirt and pulling him closer. They went stumbling back, falling back into Will's nest, and Hannibal let out a soft sigh as he was surrounded by the scent of his husband, pulling back from Will before leaning back in to mouth along his neck.

"I've missed you." Will tilted his head so Hannibal could scent him better, digging his own nose in Hannibal's neck. "God, I've missed you so much."

"Every day we've been apart, I thought of nothing but you, Will. You and our children." Hannibal kissed his neck. "I thought of our family, of that little cottage by the sea, of the pain I would bring to those who kept us apart."

Will smiled against Hannibal's neck. "I'm sorry I took so long."

"Never be sorry for this, my love." Hannibal kissed him again, then again and again and again. He couldn't seem to stop. "None of this was your fault."

Will just held him closer.

Hannibal let his hands skim along Will's sides, pausing as they skirted along his ribs. He could feel almost every single one. Then he thought of how broken Will's voice sounded, and it clicked.

"They've been force feeding you."

Will's hold on Hannibal tightened. "I wasn't eating at first but then it just--it's easier for them, to make sure I take the suppressants."

Hannibal couldn't quite hold back the growl in his throat.

"Hann--"

"I would kill them all for--"

"I know you will." Will reached up and kissed him again, a soft purr vibrating in his chest. "And I'll let you, darlin'. I'll let you carve out every single one of their hearts and eat them raw." Will's purring was getting louder, and he nuzzled along Hannibal's cheek. "Just a few more days."

Hannibal understood what Will meant, and he gave a soft sigh and let the Omega gently calm him.

They had sat in silence for a few moments, and Will was slowly carding his fingers through Hannibal's hair when he spoke again.

"I saw the girls a few weeks ago." He paused, choosing his words carefully. "Mischa is-- Mischa is mute."

Hannibal stilled.

“It’s not a physical thing, it’s--its more of a psychological thing. That’s what they told me.” Will gave a sharp tug to Hannibal’s scalp. “Abigail has been teaching her sign language--they’re okay, though. They’re all okay.”

Hannibal let out a breath he hadn’t realized he had been holding. “Do you know where they are?”

“Yeah, I do.” Will’s hands were slowly skirting down Hannibal’s spine. “Do you remember that little cabin up in Wolf Trap?”

Hannibal did. He and Will had thought briefly that they might move there when they came up from New Orleans, but they eventually settled on Baltimore. It was a longer drive to Quantico, but that hadn’t been a factor at the time, as Will wasn’t working and still recovering from the knife he took to the shoulder.

“Jack certainly isn’t very clever.”

Will huffed out a laugh. “No, he’s really not.”

Hannibal let Will pull him close and wrap him up in the blankets in his nest, letting his arms settle around Will’s waist as Will tangled their legs together.

“I’ll take us to the cottage, my love.” Hannibal kissed along Will’s neck. “You’ll speak French again and live by the sea, teach our children everything you mother was never able to teach you. We’ll go to Florence, to Leipzig, to Paris--where ever you want, I’ll take you.”

“That sounds wonderful, darling’,” Will lifted a hand, his palm cupping Hannibal’s cheek. “But right now, let’s just stay here. Let me know you again.”

Hannibal smiled. “Of course.”

Chapter End Notes

we're nearing the end, my children

I've interrupted my scheduled study time to bring you The Update™
finals week has been kicking my ass so i took a break and wrote sappy hannigram (i was looking up the distance from Baltimore to Wolf Trap because my geography is shit and I couldn't remember where Baltimore was (Maryland, apparently) and did you know its like a hour drive. and its an hour and a half drive from Baltimore to quantico, as opposed to the 40 minute drive it is from Wolf Trap to Quantico. not that any of this is important)

((i've always kinda headcanoned Will as knowing both French and Cerole, because I like to think of him as having grown up/lived in Louisiana for a pretty long time))((also, i'd

be kinda cool if his mom was French and spoke mostly French around him, so that's kinda what Will learned first))

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Jack had watched silently as Will and Hannibal said their goodbyes.

There were no tears. No screaming. No threatening or refusing to let go or fighting. There had just been a calm smile, hands gently cupping a jawline, soft kisses and whispered words-like they knew it wouldn't be the last time.

"I hope you're happy." Dr. Chilton was furious, and Jack couldn't bring himself to care.

"No, I'm not." Jack let out a breath he hadn't realized he had been holding.

Hannibal was gone, and Will was left in his cell, standing in the center with his arms crossed high over his chest and a smile on his lips.

Dr. Chilton opened his mouth to say something, but Jack brushed past him before he could. He could smell the anger radiating off the other Alpha, and Jack elected to ignore it.

"Jack--"

"Let me do my job, Dr. Chilton."

"Your *job* is interfering with my patient recovery--"

"You agreed to this, Dr. Chilton." Jack snapped his head back, his grip on the file tightening.

"Don't forget about that."

Dr. Chilton snapped his mouth shut.

Jack looked at him a moment longer, moving aside as Dr. Chilton stomped over to unlock the door to Will's cell.

The door buzzed open, and Jack quickly stepped inside.

"Hi, Will."

Will blinked, tilting his head as he looked up at Jack. The claiming mark looked newer, and Jack swallowed as he realized that Hannibal must have worked over it to help strengthen their weakened bond.

"Hi, Jack."

Jack tore his eyes away, thrusting his arm out. "We had a deal."

Will frowned. He slowly uncrossed his arms, holding them at his side for a moment before reaching out for the file.

They had made Will sign some papers and contracts--for the legality of it--but even then Jack couldn't quite stomp down that worry that Will wouldn't hold up his end of the deal, even if he was legally bound too. He had always been stubborn like that.

Still, Will took the file, flipping it open as he walked back to his nest. "Yes, I suppose we did."

He fell back into the mass of blankets and pillows, taking a blanket and holding it close to his nose.

Jack could smell the copper and sandalwood from the door.

"You're looking for a Beta, so at least that's right." Will sighed as he flipped to the photographs of the crime scenes. He ran his fingers over each and every one, then took a deep breath as he closed his eyes.

It was always frightening, watching Will while he did this.

"I'm angry--no, not angry. Furious. I have been wronged by this woman, this *Omega*. I had a fiance, I was to be married but then she--" Will paused her, taking in a deep breath that seemed to rattle his lungs. "She ruined it."

Will opened his eyes, then flipped through the pages. He wasn't in a hurry, not at all, and he took a lengthy pause before looking back up at Jack. "She had just gotten married."

It wasn't necessarily a question.

"Yes."

"And the rest of them?"

"They had all just been married."

Will hummed. He tapped his finger against his photo. "Your killer is a Beta who was about to get married to an Alpha, but then a pretty Omega walked by and he was tossed away." he tapped the photo again. "It was nothing more than a revenge scheme. He probably didn't even mean to kill her."

"What about the others?"

"He took a liking to it." Will gave a sharp smile as he looked back up at Jack. "You'll want to question the spouse of the first victim again."

"Right." Jack swallowed. "Thank you--"

"This one, though," Will cut him off, flipping through the file and landing somewhere in the middle. "This one just doesn't belong."

“What?” Jack stepped forward, looming over Will to look at the file. “It’s the same killing style, Will---”

“Surely you’ve learned to pick out the little differences, Jack.” Will’s smile got a little more sly. “I thought I taught you better.”

Jack took a deep breath. “This is not another Copy Cat--”

“Someone’s gone to a lot of trouble to impress me. Shame it didn’t work.” Will ignored him as he looked back down at the photo. Something crossed his face--recognition, then annoyance, then a sigh.

Jack couldn't deal with another Copy Cat--he couldn't deal with another Will Graham-Lecter.

“Go talk to the spouse again. Ask about the previous fiance--that’s your killer.” Will snapped the file shut and held it out for Jack to take. “Now get out.”

“Will--”

“Get out, go home to Bella, and don’t come back. I’d rather not kill you if I can help it--for Bella’s sake.” Will rolled over onto his side, pulling the blankets high up to his chest.

And just like that Jack was dismissed.

Jack blinked once, then twice. He took a step back, faltered, then left.

“Well?” Dr. Chilton was outside, his arms crossed and his foot tapping against the tile floor. “Did you get what you need?”

Jack swallowed. “Yes.”

--

Will stuck his hand under the pillow, pulling out the album as he held the blanket in his hand closer to his mouth. He was drinking in Hannibal’s sent, his skin tingling with each breath.

He pulled Hannibal’s drawing out from the film slip, unfolding the now soft paper. The charcoal was smudging, and Will was careful to let his fingers hardly touch the paper as the traced over the lines. He knew them so well that he could recreate it with the ease that Hannibal had when he first drew it.

Will sighed fondly.

It wouldn’t be much longer, now.

Will sighed again, then tucked the drawing away. He looked through the album before putting that away, too, then he let his mind wander to the oddball murder in Jack's file.

It was easy to lump it in with the other kills on first glance. But when Will looked back he saw things that eerily matched his own flair and style. The cuts were just a bit too precise, the body was placed just a bit too specifically, the strokes just a bit too confident. It looked a bit too much like his work, yet it also looked a bit too much like something Hannibal would gift to him.

Hannibal wouldn't leave him something that ordinary, though.

It wasn't that hard to figure out who did it, and when Will sat up he was looking at that very man.

"You saw it." Matthew's eyes were wide, his hands clenched by his sides. "I know you did."

Will stayed silent.

"I did it for you, Will." Matthew lifted a hand, then dropped it just as quickly.

"I've had better courting gifts." Will didn't move.

"Don't you see? Will, I care for you--I can be *better* than him--"

Will stood. He took slow steps towards the glass, stopping a few inches away.

Matthew's breath hitched, his cheeks coloring.

"My husband is very territorial. He noticed your pathetic excuse at scenting. He knows what you've done to me, what you've been trying to do." Will gave Matthew a pleasant smile. "I promised him your death, Matthew. You will be nothing more than a name who died by his hands."

Matthew's eyes widened.

"You're lucky I even gave you the time of day."

"Will, please--*I love you*--"

"That's rather unfortunate for you, isn't it?" Will took a step back, lacing his fingers behind his back as his smile widened.

Just a little bit longer, now.

I am a 19 year old man and i'll sit here with out any pants on and write about murder and listen to Hamilton and play Webkinz if I damn well want to

((this one is like, significantly shorter than the rest (Its meant more as a filler chapter than anything else), but we got like two more chapters left and they're gonna be long ones my friends. We are, as Dr. Stephen Strange once said, in the Endgame now))

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

They had given Hannibal charcoal to draw with. It was soft, more malleable and harder to keep at a point.

Hannibal was willing to work with it, but then they had given him a pen.

So you can write your letters Alana had said.

Hannibal sat at his desk with it now, holding it loosely in his hand. It was still blunt--it only a ballpoint pen, after all--but it was metal, it still had a tip, it was hard and solid and something Hannibal could keep a grip on.

He had killed people with less.

“You look like you’re deep in thought.” Dr. Jane was looking at him through the glass, smugness spreading across his skin and leaking into his eyes. “Care to share?”

“In a few moments.” Hannibal clicked the pen. “Timing is rather important, Dr. Jane.”

Dr. Jane furrowed his eyebrows. “Timing for what?”

Hannibal clicked the pen again. “You’ll see.”

Dr. Jane opened his mouth, but before he could get out any words the nurse who brought Hannibal’s food came down the corridor. She gave Dr. Jane a tight smile--she was afraid of him, almost as much as she was afraid of Hannibal.

“I have your lunch, Dr. Lecter.” She pushed past Dr. Jane, typing in the code to buzz open the door.

He had been well behaved enough to be allowed this privilege.

“Thank you, Madeline.” he gave her a small smile, stepping closer to her as she came into the room. “And I am sorry for this.”

“Sorry for--”

She never got to finish.

Hannibal had the pen in her jugular, holding her steady as she squirmed in his arms and choked on her blood. She was only a Beta, but the scent of her fear was strong, and Hannibal put his mouth to her neck as he breathed it in.

He was careful not to get any blood on his lips.

“What the fuck—!?”

Hannibal looked up. Dr. Jane was still there, eyes wide, standing stock still.

Hannibal ripped the pen out of Madeline’s neck, letting her body fall. He kicked it to the side, then lunged towards Dr. Jane before he could get too far. Hannibal pulled him against his chest, locking his arm around his neck and cutting off the air supply.

Dr. Jane dug his fingers in Hannibal’s arm.

“I wish I could drag this out, Collin, I really do.” Hannibal tightened his grip, smiling at the gasp and flood of fear that filled the air. “But I’m afraid that I’m on a tight schedule today.”

Dr. Jane tried to pry Hannibal’s arm away.

Hannibal just smiled, then snapped his neck.

The body fell with a dull thud, and Hannibal couldn’t quite keep the smile off his face as he kicked it on top of Madeline’s. He slipped the pen into his pocket, then walked out of the cell.

He made it to the end of the hall before the alarms started to sound, and he make it out of the hall before the few security agents surrounded him. There weren't many of them--Alana thought it was detrimental to their recovery to always be surrounded by Alpha’s with weapons.

“Dr. Lecter--” one of them took a step towards him.

Hannibal kept walking.

“You need to stop--” one took a step too close, and Hannibal dug the pen in his neck, effectively severing the vain.

Another one came charging at him--they didn’t have guns, another of Alana’s faults--and Hannibal dodged the punch thrown at him with ease. He snapped that one's neck, slammed another's head into the wall hard enough to crush the skull, dug the pen in another’s eye, and bought his knee up to hit the solar plexus of another with enough force to leave him crumpled on the ground.

Hannibal was breathing hard, but he didn’t take more than a moment to get a lungful of air.

He stepped over the bodies he had left behind. He couldn’t hear anyone else coming down the halls--just the shrill alarm echoing off the walls.

“You’re slacking today, Dr. Bloom.” Hannibal whispered it to himself, stopping to step on the neck of one of the guards until he choked and sputtered. Hannibal smiled as he applied more pressure, only stepping back when the man’s chest stopped rising.

Then he continued on to Alana’s office.

This had been far too easy, he knew that, but Hannibal wasn't one to linger on it. He would take what people were willing to give.

He made it to Alana's office with no trouble, and he wasn't nearly as surprised as he should have been to see it empty.

"Such a smart girl, Alana," Hannibal went to the desk. The papers and personal trinkets were gone. It was tidy, the only thing remaining a cup of pencils and pens--like someone had just moved in. "You knew it was time to leave."

Hannibal hummed, sliding a letter opener from the cup.

He had wanted to slit Alana's throat, but it was no loss that he couldn't.

He could get to Will sooner, at any rate.

--

Will had stashed some photos and Hannibal's drawing in his pocket a while ago.

Now he sat on the bed, holding Mischa's blanket close, watching and waiting as the nurses and doctors ran through the halls.

He had asked Dr. Finch to leave when she came around for his appointment. He liked the young Omega--and she had a family. A husband and two daughters. She was the one person who Will would feel some sort of regret for if she died.

The rest could all choke on their own blood.

--"We need to move him."

"We don't have the ability to move him--"

"Dr. Chilton, you have to--!"

"I don't *have* to do anything, Matthew."

Matthew and Chilton rounded the corner. Chilton was scowling, a low growl vibrating in his throat, but Matthew wasn't backing down.

"Will's safe here. Hannibal won't get in."

Matthew growled. "You don't know that."

Will watched as Chilton drew himself up to his full height. He pulled his lip up till his teeth were showing, his growl getting louder till Matthew backed down. "We're done talking about this, Matthew."

Then Chilton stormed off, flying past the glass of Will's cell without a single glance.

Will smiled, holding the blanket a little closer to his chest as Matthew came closer.

"You shouldn't worry yourself over me, Matthew." Will's smile got a little wider. "You should be more worried about yourself."

Matthew swallowed. "I won't let him take you."

"Will you?" Will hummed, tilting his head as he looked Matthew over. Matthew flushed, then he scowled and walked off. Will watched him go, his smile dropping.

He wondered if Alana was dead. He wondered if Jack had taken his advice and left. He wondered how many people were dead already.

He wondered when Hannibal would arrive.

Will sighed and fell back onto the bed. Hannibal must have left the State Hospital by now if Frederick's state of unease and agitation was anything to go by. Although, Will supposed, his husband did have to make it across the state. He could cut Hannibal a little slack.

The lights flickered out a few moments after that thought had crossed Will's mind.

Will sat up. The emergency lights turned on, and the Omega could see the security and nurses running around like death was on their heels.

Which, when Will thought about it, wasn't that far off.

They had all left Will's field of vision. He got up from the bed and walked to the glass to see further, but the lights were too dim to make out much of anything. He pressed a hand to the glass and narrowed his eyes, jumping back as a man was slammed against the glass wall.

Will watched him fall, then followed the smear of blood back up till he was looking at Hannibal's eyes.

"Hi, darlin'."

Hannibal gave him a small smile. He was breathing hard, his hair an absolute mess, and blood spattered across his cheeks and neck.

"Hello, my love."

They started moving at the same time, and when Will flung open the door to his cell Hannibal was already there. Will was on Hannibal in an instant, wrapping his arms around his neck and pulling him into a sloppy kiss. Hannibal's hands were trailing down his back and his sides and falling on his hips, and when Hannibal pulled back Will whined and followed after him.

"We have to leave," Hannibal spoke softly, lifting his hand to run through Will's hair and cradle his jaw.

“I know,” Will nuzzled into Hannibal’s hand. “Did you kill Alana?”

“She had already left.” Hannibal pulled Will against his chest, pressing a gentle kiss to his temple. “We should go, before they realize I’m here.”

Will looked up at him. “You didn’t cut the buildings power?”

“Just to your cell block.” Hannibal smiled and gave Will another kiss. Then he laced their fingers together, leading Will out of the cell and into the hall.

“We need to find Chilton.” Will squeezed Hannibal’s hand.

“Of course, my dear.” Hannibal pulled them around a corner, stopping dead in his tracks. Will bumped into him, and he pulled away to peer over Hannibal’s shoulder.

Matthew was standing a few feet away from them.

“Will, please, just come with me.” he took a step closer, holding out his hand, his lips twisting into a frown. “I can be so much better than him--why can’t you *see that*?”

Will nudged Hannibal’s shoulder and squeezed his hand. “He’s all yours, darlin’.”

Matthew let out a low growl.

“How very kind of you, Will.”

Will smiled, kissing Hannibal--he couldn’t quite seem to stop--and letting go of his hand to step to the side. Matthew went towards Will first, but Hannibal easily cut him off, wrapping his hand around the Beta’s neck and slamming him into the wall. Matthew squirmed and kicked and growled and lashed out, but Hannibal was an Alpha. He was stronger, his adrenaline was going haywire, and his mate was being threatened.

There was no way Hannibal was going to lose this.

Will hummed, tucking his hands behind his back and took a leisurely walk to the two. “Having fun?”

Matthew looked at Will with wide eyes as Hannibal tightened his grip around his neck.

“I thought he would put up more of a fight.” Hannibal looked back at Will.

“He doesn’t quite have your experience, darlin’.” Will propped his arm up on Hannibal’s shoulder, looking at Matthew with a lazy smile. “Despite what he says.”

Hannibal looked Matthew over, slipping a hand into his pocket and pulling out a dull letter opener. “A shame, really.”

He pushed the metal into Matthew’s stomach, jerking the thing up till it hit his sternum. Blood splattered onto Will’s face and neck, but he did hardly more than blink.

Hannibal stepped back, letting Matthew fall at their feet. The Beta struggled to dislodge the metal in his stomach, and Will watched with delight as he twitched and groaned and covered his hands in his own blood. Then he looked to Hannibal, not all that surprised to find that Hannibal was already looking at him.

“I have missed seeing you like this.” Hannibal lifted a hand, cradling Will’s cheek and running his thumb over skin and smearing the blood. Then Hannibal was kissing him again, and Will let out a rather obnoxious moan as he threw himself into it.

They pulled apart as shouts and footsteps started echoing in the halls.

“That’s our cue,” Will took Hannibal’s hand, tugging him down the corridors in a sprint. The ducked in and out of halls and rooms until Will pushed open one of the emergency exits and tugged them outside.

Will squinted his eyes, taking a moment to adjust. Then he spotted Chilton, and he dropped Hannibal’s hand and dashed across the parking lot.

Will had Chilton pressed up against his car before the Alpha even realized he was there.

“I believe I made you a promise.” Will gave him a bright smile, drinking in the sharp tang of fear and he leaned down and sunk his teeth into the back of Chilton’s neck.

Chilton screamed, and Will just slapped a hand to his mouth as he ripped off the chunk that was in his mouth. Will spit it out, bringing up his other hand to dig at the white bone he had uncovered. He wrapped his fingers around it, yanking it until he heard cartilage snap and rip. He pulled a piece of Chilton’s spine free, clutching it in his hand as he dropped the now limp body.

“Absolutely beautiful.” Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will’s waist, kissing down his neck.

Will sighed, dropping his head back on Hannibal’s shoulder. “We really do need to go.”

Hannibal hummed, leaning down to kiss away the blood on Will’s lips and tongue. Will brought one hand up to tangle in Hannibal’s hair, holding his husband steady when he pulled away with a grin. “I’ll drive.”

—

Abigail startled at the knock on the door.

She lowered her book, glancing back at the kitchen where Mischa and Clarice were. Then she looked back to the door, frowning. Jack wasn’t supposed to be here for another week, and no one outside of him ever really came to visit.

No one should be here.

The knock sounded again, and Abigail stuck a piece of paper in her book and set it on the couch. She made her way slowly towards the door, eyes widening as she got close enough to catch a whiff of the scent of who was standing outside.

She didn't hesitate as she ripped the door open, throwing herself at Hannibal's chest.

"Papa!" She choked it out, looking up at him as Hannibal wrapped an arm around her shoulders and tugged her hair out of her eyes. "How are you—?"

"I'll explain on the way, *tesoro*." Hannibal presses a soft kiss to the top of her head. "Are you ready to go?"

She had an emergency bag stashed away full of her, Clarice's and Mischa's things, never quite knowing when they would leave. "I-yeah—"

Winston started barking, his nails clacking on the floor as he ran to the front door. Clarice wasn't too far behind him, and she had Mischa in tow.

"Abbie? Whose--" Clarice blinked, and Hannibal let out a small *oof* as Clarice came barreling into his side. "Papa!"

"Hello, little lamb." Hannibal dropped one of his hands to rest on top of Clarice's head. She had gotten taller--she came up to Hannibal's chest now. "I'm sorry I took so long."

"That's okay. You're here now." Clarice dug her nose in the fabric of the shirt Hannibal was wearing. It was ill-fitting, like it wasn't his own. It probably wasn't, Abigail thought, as she noticed red smeared across his skin.

"Mischa, this is Papa." Abigail pulled away, holding out a hand to the little girl and signing the word Papa. She had hung back with Winston, not quite sure who this man was. "Do you remember him?"

Mischa tilted her head, dropping her hand from Winston's flank to her side. She slowly walked over to them, holding out her hands for Abigail to pick her up. She looked at Hannibal as Abigail held her, bringing her hand to fall on Hannibal's cheek.

"Hello, *ma bichette*." Hannibal held out his own hand, letting his fingertips trail down her cheek. "I hope you can forgive me."

His voice was so soft.

Mischa blinked. Her nose twitched as she breathed in Hannibal's scent, then she smiled wide and bright. She held out her hands to Hannibal, wrapping her arms around his neck and digging her face in his chest, taking in the scent of her father.

"I need you to pack a few of your things, my little lamb." Hannibal turned to Clarice, pressing a kiss to her head. "Can you do that for me?"

Clarice nodded. Abigail had talked to her about leaving, what she would need to do when the time came.

“Winston’s coming with us, right?” she asked.

Hannibal blinked. “I--yes, I suppose he can.”

Clarice grinned.

Abigail watched as she called to Winston as she ran upstairs, Winston fast on her heels.

“We should hurry, *tesoro*.” Abigail turned to look back at Hannibal. “Jack will be here soon, and Chiyoh is already waiting for us. ”

“I’ll go get the other things.” Then Abigail was running up the stairs, sliding into her bedroom and snagging the duffel from her closet. She shoved a few more things in, went to the kitchen to snag some snacks--she didn’t know how far they were going, but he had learned quickly on that snacks were always good to have on hand--then raced outside.

Clarice was already by the car with Hannibal and Mischa and Will. Winston was jumping up on Will, and Will crouched down to let the dog tackle him in a flurry of kisses and tail wags. He was laughing, and when he spotted Abigail he sat up.

“Abigail!”

“Hi, Dad.” Abigail helped him up, accepting the bone crushing hug and returning it twice as hard.

She had missed them both so much.

“You ready to go?” Will pulled back, brushing her hair out of her face and kissing her temple, just like Hannibal had done.

Abigail nodded.

Chapter End Notes

ONE MORE CHAPTER FOLKS

(listen, it's only two weeks into the new semester but school is already kicking my ass. between work and class and adulting I have had little to no time to just sit down and write. Don't take 18 credit hours kiddos)

((i don't actually know how emergency generators work, but we're just gonna assume the lights come on automatically but everything else has to be done manually))((that, and Alana is way too smart to stick around after Hannibal and Will's visit))

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

One year later

Will could hear the girls running around inside the little cottage, bumping into walls and tables as they hurried to clean up any last minute messes.

Hannibal just smiled, keeping his hand on Will's back as he pulled open the door.

"Daddy!" Clarice latched onto Will's legs as soon as he stepped inside. "Can I see him?"

"Be careful, little lamb. Your father is still very tired."

"It's alright, Hannibal." Will pressed a quick kiss to his cheek, smiling gently as he lead Clarice over to the couch. Abigail was already there with Mischa in her lap, and she scooted over to make room for Will. Clarice climbed up after him, squishing herself right against Will.

Will gently brought the blanket away from the baby, angling his body so the girls could see.

"Hi Henry!" Clarice whispered it, giving a little wave as she looked at her brother with wide eyes.

"He's so little," Abigail mumbled.

"Mischa wasn't much bigger." Will smiled, readjusting his hold on Henry so the baby could lay on his chest. Henry gurgled, squirming up a bit to be closer to Will's neck, his hands curling into the fabric of Will's shirt.

Abigail smiled. "I guess you're right."

"Can I hold him?" Clarice asked.

Will sat up, gently transferring Henry to Clarice's open arms. He showed Clarice how to hold him, Hannibal keeping a steady hand close. Eventually Clarice was holding Henry against her chest, one hand supporting his head and the other his bottom.

"He's really tiny." Clarice seemed almost in awe of it. "And warm."

"You all started out that small." Will lifted his hand, running it down Clarice's hair as he looked at Henry.

He was small. The doctor said it was because of all the suppressants Will had been on, and that it had been a rarity that Will had been able to get pregnant at all. Henry was going to be small for a while, but, as the doctor had promised, he would grow up normal and healthy.

Winston came over to investigate, popping his head in Clarice's lap. He sniffed at Henry, his tail thumping against the coffee table.

Will smiled at it, and when he looked up he saw that both Abigail and Hannibal had their phones out.

Will rolled his eyes and shook his head. "Didn't you get enough pictures at the hospital?"

"Never, my dear." Hannibal smiled and kissed the top of Will's head.

"Let me hold him for a bit." Abigail held out her arms.

Clarice was very careful as she handed off Henry. Mischa climbed from Abigail's lap and into Will's, watching with wide eyes and Abigail gently cradled Henry. Will wrapped his arms around Mischa's waist, watching fondly as the little girl reached out a hand, giving a toothy smile as Henry wrapped his hand around her finger.

Mischa still couldn't speak verbally. She hadn't ever tried to, and at this point Will didn't think she ever would. He wasn't worried--she could sign fluently now, and she was always quick to grab a pen and paper to messily scrawl down words in the French that she was still learning.

"Why don't you go change, Will?" Hannibal's hand was on the back of Will's neck, squeezing gently. "Then we can sit outside for a bit. The fresh air will do us all some good."

"Yeah, okay." Will kissed the top of Mischa's head before he let her slid out of his lap.

He stood slowly, still shaky on his feet from being in bed for the past few days. Winston followed Will to the back of the cottage where the master bedroom was at, sitting in front of the door as Will rummaged around for some clothes.

He shucked his jeans for sweatpants and traded his flannel for one of Hannibal's sweaters. He sat on the bed for a moment, holding Hannibal's sweater to his mouth and breathed in his husband's sent.

He could still smell the chemicals of the hospital.

Will had sat there for so long that Winston came over, nudging his nose onto Will's lap.

"I'm alright, boy." Will dropped his hands, scratching behind Winston's ears.

Winston huffed, licking Will's hand before lifting his head.

Will smiled, running his hand through the fur of Winston's flank. Then he shrugged into the sweater, pulling the collar to his nose for one last whiff before standing.

He padded softly down the hall, pausing at the entrance to the living room.

Hannibal was on the couch with Henry, holding him against his chest with Mischa pressed up against his side. Will could see Abigail and Clarice ducking in and out of the kitchen and mudroom, and he took a glance to see that they were alright before joining his husband and two youngest.

“How’s he doing?” Will fell into the couch, dropping his hand to Winston’s head and slowly stroking him as Winston plopped his head in Will’s lap again.

“Sill sleeping.” Hannibal looked up at Will. “How are you doing?”

Will smiled. “I’m good--just tired, that’s all.”

Mischa clambered over Hannibal--mindful of Henry--to squish herself between them. She wrapped her arm around Will’s, snuggling into his side.

Will just placed a hand on her hip and pressed a kiss to the top of her head.

She had been clingy this past year. Will and Hannibal had indulged her for a while, but eventually they had to kick her out of it. Mischa was better about it now, but she would always get a little panicky if Will and Hannibal were away for more than a day.

“You should sleep after dinner, my dear.”

Will hummed. “Yeah, that’s fair.”

Clarice came out of the kitchen, a wicker basket swinging from her arm. “Are you ready, Daddy?”

Will glanced at the basket. “Why don’t you and your sisters go set up? Papa and I will be out in a minute.”

Clarice frowned. She looked between Will and Hannibal, then looked to Mischa and adjusted her basket and held out a hand. “Wanna help me and Abbie, Mi?”

Mischa looked up and Will.

“I’ll be right out, *ma bichette*, I promise.” Will gave her a gentle smile.

Mischa blinked, then nodded and clambered off the couch. She took Clarice’s hand, holding it as they went back into the kitchen at Abigail’s calling.

Winston got up and followed after them.

“Is this what you had envisioned for your family, Will?”

“I love France, you know that.” Will looked up at Hannibal. He scooted closer, lifting a hand and letting it fall on Hannibal’s cheek. “Is this what *you* envisioned?”

“With less obstacles, yes.” Hannibal smiled, leaning into the touch.

Will smiled. He leaned up, tilting his head as he kissed Hannibal. They both sighed into it, Hannibal tilting his head to accommodate Will and Will lifting his other hand to tangle with Hannibal’s hair, only pulling away when Henry started to squirm.

Will dropped a hand, letting his fingers gently rest on Henry’s cheek, running his thumb just over the corner of Henry’s eye. “I won’t let them take him from us. Not again.”

“I know.” Hannibal kissed him again.

Will smiled into it, pulling away as someone came stomping back into the living room.

“Papa, Daddy--ack, gross!” Clarice threw her hand up in front of her eyes, slapping her other over Mischa’s.

Mischa pried her sister’s hand away, dropping it back and Clarice’s and signing *it's all set up*.

“Alright--alright, we’re coming.” Will stood, holding out his hand for Mischa. She was quick to take it, and Will offered Hannibal a smile and a shrug as they drug him to the kitchen and then outside to the picnic they had set up just on the edge of the shoreline.

Hannibal was right behind them with Henry, and as Will looked around at his family he couldn’t quite keep the smile off his face or the little laugh in his throat.

Yes, no one would take his family away from him again.

Chapter End Notes

I can't believe this thing i started as a joke got so many readers. Thank you all for sticking with me on this crazy train wreck, and i hope ya'll had as much fun with it as i did

((i have more hannigram works in the making, so keep an eye out))

End Notes

should i be writing a new story? absolutely not. did i only sleep an hour and a half last night and type up most of this? absolutely.

basically this is what I write when I can't sleep, and since i can't sleep often I write a lot of this

((I don't speak French or Italian, but i do know a little German. If i'm wrong on any of my language please tell me!))

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